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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

MISS ADA REHAN AS A COUNTRY GIRL.

When the wicked, witty Wycherley wrote "The Country Wife," he had little thought that he was really providing raw material for David Garrick to fashion into "The Country Girl" and Mr. Daly to trim, polish, and clean, so as to be fit for presentation to our dainty stomachs. No doubt, he would not see the need for all the cleaning, scouring, and disinfecting that has been done, since in his days the boarding-school miss was permitted to hear, see, and read things that now she can only learn through the medium of French or by diving into English classics.

Peggy Thrift was a pretty country girl with a fortune and a curmudgeon of a guardian, who was deeply in love with her and hers, and as jealous as half-a-dozen Othellos. It was all very well for him when poor Peggy was down in the country, since he could keep her constantly under his nose, and by preventing her from seeing more fascinating examples of the ugly sex than himself convince her that he was a lovable being. Unluckily, however, for Squire Moody—that was the guardian's name—he was compelled to come up to town for the wedding of his sister Alithea with a ridiculous person named Sparkish. He was in a cruel dilemma: to leave Peggy alone at home was to run unknown risks by the dozen; to bring her to London was to expose her to temptations that he well understood. He determined, after much meditation, to risk the known, and in this made a great mistake.

No sooner did they get to town than the Squire was cozened into taking Peggy to the playhouse, where, doubtless, she saw some candid comedy that gave her ideas of life of which she had never dreamed, and, better still, she saw the town gallants, and discovered the fact that the Squire was but a poor representative of his sex. The playmen pleased her, and more dangerous even than they proved to be a young gentleman named Belleville, who, in his turn, fell a victim to her simple, fresh beauty. Next day she was told that Belleville had fallen in love with her, and then she made up her mind to wed him.

For a moment I must turn away from pretty Peggy to the affairs of the comely Alithea. Her betrothed lover was as foolish a person as Squire Moody, but of utterly different character. He was so vain as not to possess any jealousy at all. He believed himself to be so fascinating that he fancied no one could cut him out, and so he allowed his friend Harcourt to make love to Alithea even in his presence. She at first was indignant at

the presumption of Harcourt; but when she found that Sparkish took no note of it, was merely flattered that his mistress excited such admiration, she became even more indignant with him than with Harcourt. Squire Moody tried hard to awaken Sparkish to his danger; but the fop kept on his own course, and Harcourt made hay while the sun shone. Their tale may be quickly told: Alithea went half-way to the church with Sparkish, and the other half with Harcourt, and it happened that Sparkish was not present at the latter half.

Now, all these doings upset the poor Squire, and made it hard for him to keep watch over Peggy; it even put him to the necessity of going to a meeting in the Park. Of course, Peggy wanted to go, and even insisted. Then the dangerous suggestion was made that, as he would not take her as a girl, she might go in boy's clothes. By this time Peggy was really in love, and had set her wits to work to win young Harcourt, whether her guardian would or not. With the aid of her pretty maid, Mistress Lucy, Peggy had managed to tell Belleville to meet her in the Park, and so they contrived an interview, in which they were caught by the Squire. Home the jealous guardian took his ward, and put her under lock and key. Not satisfied with that, he ordered her to write a letter of dismissal to Belleville; she refused, but he insisted, and seemed to threaten such compulsion as caused Mary Queen of Scots to sign her abdication. So she wrote the letter and cried over it, and when the Squire's back was turned wrote another full of expressions of love, and substituted the one for the other. The Squire took the letter and felt happy, and was so pleased with it that he resolved to act as postman, and was a little disconcerted at Belleville's joyous reception of it. Then he came back, and found Peggy writing another love-letter, and she gulled him into the belief that really she was a mere amanuensis for Alithea, and had no love for Belleville, and so she kept up her intrigue. It is hardly needful to tell in detail the tricks that the crafty girl played on her guardian, or the device by which she stole out of the house with Belleville, and got married in five minutes on the sly. Whether Peggy and her husband were happy or not is uncertain.



MISS REHAN AS PEGGY THRIFT IN "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

The acting of the bustling old piece is safe enough when one has Miss Ada Rehan as Peggy and Mr. William Farren for the part of Moody. She, though the boy's costume hardly suits her now, played with wonderful vivacity, and in the scenes in which she fools her guardian was surprising in her swift changes of manner and appearance. One could not wish to have the part played more admirably.

MISS REHAN AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

From Photographs by Sarony, New York.



VIOLA (to Malvolio): "She took the ring of me—I'll none of it."



VIOLA (to Maria): "Then think you right; I am not what I am."

THE DALY COMPANY IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

From Photographs by Sarony, New York.



CLOWN (singing): "Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid."



SIR TOBY: "He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him?"
MARIA: "My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour."

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" has had a sorry New Year greeting, for Mr. A. J. Wilson opens the January number of the *Investors' Review*, which becomes a shilling monthly, with an article entitled "A Paralytic Bank of England." The Bank, he says in his indictment, works in secret; it is conducted by the wrong men, and there is good reason to believe that its assets are not what they are represented to be. He demands its remodelling.—It appeared at the inquest on Professor Marshall, of Owens College, who was killed on Scawfell on Sunday, that he fell 130 ft., in consequence of a large stone on which he was standing having given way.—Sunday saw another mountaineering accident, when a party of five climbers ascended the Gnifetti peak in the Alps. They were forced to remain on a glacier all night, and one of them was frozen to death.—Lord Lovelace, Dr. Merivale, Dean of Ely, and Donald Mackay, the Prince of Wales's piper, and the best player in Great Britain, were buried to-day.—Baron H. Solvyns, for twenty years Belgian Minister to England, succumbed to influenza to-day.—Mr. Villiers, the Father of the House of Commons, entered his ninety-third year to-day, and in a week's time will begin the sixtieth year of his unbroken representation of Wolverhampton. He is still hale and hearty, as is seen in his sparkling conversational powers.—The raid made on Sunday throughout France on Anarchists has created a great sensation abroad.—The author of the outrage at Barcelona has been arrested and confessed his crime. His name is Salvador Franch, and has given himself up to revolutionary works since boyhood.—The Greek Chamber adjourned for the Christmas recess after hearing M. Tricoupi's Budget, in which the revenue for 1894 shows a balance of 700,000 drachmas, which will be applied for improving the conditions provisionally offered to the public creditors.—The Globe Theatre, Boston, and some adjoining property were burnt down. The damage is put down at £200,000.—Bage, the most important inland town of Rio Grande do Sul, has been captured by the Brazilian insurgents.—The Duke of York has declined for the present the invitation addressed to himself and the Duchess to visit the Australian colonies.—The revenue of New South Wales for 1893 has sunk £768,000 compared with last year, that of Tasmania £81,000. In the past half-year Queensland's revenue increased by £157,000.—The Ameer of Afghanistan has been appointed an honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

Wednesday. With a view to promoting the efficiency of the Navy, the Admiralty have established a Permanent Complements Committee, consisting of the Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence, an officer appointed by the Director of Naval Ordnance, and a representative of the military branch. Mr. Labouchere told his constituents at Northampton to-night that the Navy scare was a Tory dodge to embarrass the Chancellor of the Exchequer in making his Budget.—"The cause of the want of employment in this country," says a committee of the British Labour Protection League, "is the importation of foreign goods as of British make, and the immigration of pauper aliens."—Sir J. Barnby addressed the Incorporated Society of Musicians, meeting at Scarborough, on the position of music in England. He praised the Tonic Sol-Fa system, lamented the lack of operatic music in the provinces, and advocated the employment of ladies in orchestras.—A lady Lorrainer was sentenced in Paris to four years' imprisonment for espionage. She had communicated to various foreign Governments the contents of documents left at her house by a man employed in the French secret service.—Count Arnim-Schlagenthin, son of the late Count Harry Arnim, who was German Ambassador in Paris at the time of the Franco-German War, has communicated to the English Press a copy of a letter addressed by him some weeks ago to Prince Bismarck, whom he asked to clear the character of his father from charges made against him in Dr. Hans Blum's book, "Germany under Bismarck."—More rioting has occurred in Sicily. At Gibellina a police magistrate, a priest, and five rioters were killed in a disturbance. The garrison of the island, 60,000 men, is to be increased by 24,000.

Thursday. Intense cold is reported from every part of Europe. Eight degrees of frost were registered in London. Mr. H. G. Gotto, of Parkins and Gotto, fell on the ice this morning on his way to town and was killed. In Paris a man was found frozen to death in the street.—The Matabele campaign is described at great length in to-day's newspapers by interviews with Captain the Hon. C. J. White and Captain C. H. W. Donovan, who have just arrived from the seat of operations. Mr. Selous thinks that Lobengula will never again attack the whites. The chief Khama has actually been subjected to an interview (South Africa is getting on), in which he has disputed the charges of cowardice and desertion brought against him by Mr. Rhodes.—The deaths are announced of the Duchess of Argyll, in her fifty-first year, and Lord Crewe, whose title becomes extinct, in his eighty-second year.—The body of Sir Samuel Baker was cremated at Woking.—The receiving order against Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., was rescinded.—Mr. W. Tallack, secretary of the Howard Institution, addressing the London Institution, said this country was in advance of every other nation in the world both in the treatment and the prevention of crime.—Mr. Monson strongly objects to the presence of his effigy in Messrs. Louis Tussaud's waxworks at Birmingham, although it is not in the Chamber of Horrors. To-day he instructed a solicitor to act in the matter.—Women are the ruin of the country. That was the opinion expressed to-day by Judge Kelly at

the Kilrush Quarter Sessions. In the case under his notice it was not uncalled for, seeing that a pensioner with tenpence a day was being sued for the price of parasols, corsets, and feathers supplied to his daughter.

Friday. In some districts in England as many as thirty-two degrees of frost were registered this morning.—Lord Elgin, the new Viceroy of India, and Lieut.-General Lyon-Fremantle, the new Governor of Malta, set out for their respective posts to-day.—Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law, the Rev. Harry Drew, who sails this day week for Cape Town for his health, was presented by the parishioners of Hawarden with a pocket aneroid and compass.—The annual children's fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House beat the record of the series, which began in 1876. Among the figures represented by the little folk were "Captain Corcoran," "Sir Joseph Porter" (by Master Tyler), and "Albert Chevalier"; Miss Daisy Double masqueraded as a slate pencil and the sister of "John Oliver Hobbes" as "Golf."—An extraordinary incident occurred in Newington Causeway at dusk to-night, when a man entered a jeweller's shop and shot three people in it. He then bolted, but on being pursued shot himself.—An Italian was brought up at Bow Street for extradition on the charge of robbing the Italian Government of £2,400,000.—Lord Aberdeen was present at the annual banquet of the Board of Trade at Toronto to-night.—A Dresden bookseller was fined 100 marks for libelling Count von Caprivi by representing him as the Chancellor, with a bag of money between his knees, driving with a Jewess.

Saturday. "A British force attacked by the French"—that was the most startling headline in this morning's papers, which related how three British officers and six men belonging to the Frontier Police and the West India Regiment had been killed at Warina, Sierra Leone, by a French force. The British (650 strong), had set out to quell a marauding tribe, and in the moonlight of Dec. 23 were mistaken by the French force (1200 strong), under Lieutenant Maritz, for Sofas, and were fired on. They returned the fire, wounding Maritz, who died in the British camp, and ten of his men.—The final census report for England and Wales, published to-day, gives the population at 29,002,525, an increase of 11.65 per cent. on the 1881 return; but this rate was lower than in any previous decennial period in the century. The birth-rate was low beyond precedent. It is a note of the "eight-hours' play" that entertainers have increased by 53 per cent.—For the first time in his life, the Prince of Wales visited the Underground Railway this morning, travelling from Amersham to Baker Street. For the first time, too, since the railway has been open to the public, the train was run through without a stoppage.—Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, "An Old Jew," was produced at the Garrick Theatre to-night.

Sunday. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was entertained at a banquet at Cape Town last night. With regard to Matabeleland, he ridiculed the "anomalous union" between the Aborigines Protection Society and Mr. Labouchere, whom he described as a "cynical sybarite."—A window in memory of the late Duchess of Cambridge was uncovered in Kew Church to-day.—Throughout Hungary the literary jubilee of Moritz Jokai was celebrated yesterday and to-day.—Several boiler explosions occurred to-day.—A house was burned down at Spitalfields, and a man and his wife lost their lives.—A railway clerk at Leeds cut the throat of the woman with whom he lived and that of their child, and then his own.

Monday. The imports for 1893 decreased £18,824,488 compared with those of 1892. Exports decreased £8,580,807.—Mr. George Kennan began his lecturing campaign to-night at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.—The total number of books published last year was 6382.—The wife of Franch, the Barcelona Anarchist, threatens to incriminate others who made him the tool for carrying out their designs.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING (for a limited number of nights), at 8.30, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Preceded at 8 by SIX PERSONS, a Duologue, by I. Zangwill. MATINEE OF CAPTAIN SWIFT, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA. Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Music by Mr. Oscar Barrett. Scenery by Messrs. H. Emden, J. Pritchard Barrett, and Hawes Craven. Ballets by Madame Katti Lanner. Costumes by Wilhelm. "The very prettiest fairy play that has been seen in the memory of the oldest playgoer."—Daily Telegraph. Box-office open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can be secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—EVERY EVENING until further notice at 8 o'clock (doors 7.30), Shakspeare's Comedy of TWELFTH NIGHT. Miss Ada Rehanas Viola. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Clarke, Catherine Lewis, &c. Matinees of TWELFTH NIGHT, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2, and also Saturday, Jan. 20 and 27. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. Mr. Daly's present season cannot be extended beyond nine weeks.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA. TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m. MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Grand Slave Ballet by Real Negresses, Magnificent Water Carnivals, &c., &c. Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Fleets of Real Turkish Caïques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Marvellous Subterranean Lake and Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palaces, Astounding Tableaux of Arabian Nights. Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes, £3 3s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.



THE SISTERS PRESTON,
NOW APPEARING IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



WAIFS AND STRAYS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE GUILDHALL.

A BANQUET AND ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO 1300 RAGGED CHILDREN ON JAN. 2, WITH FUNDS PROVIDED BY READERS OF THE "YOUNG MAN" AND "YOUNG WOMAN."

A CHAT WITH BOLOSSY KIRALFY.

The acclamations of the American people when they proclaimed Bolossy Kiralfy the "King of Spectacle," on his proving his sovereignty by right of having begotten "King Solomon" in New York, will be re-echoed by hundreds of thousands of English voices at Olympia. Since the world

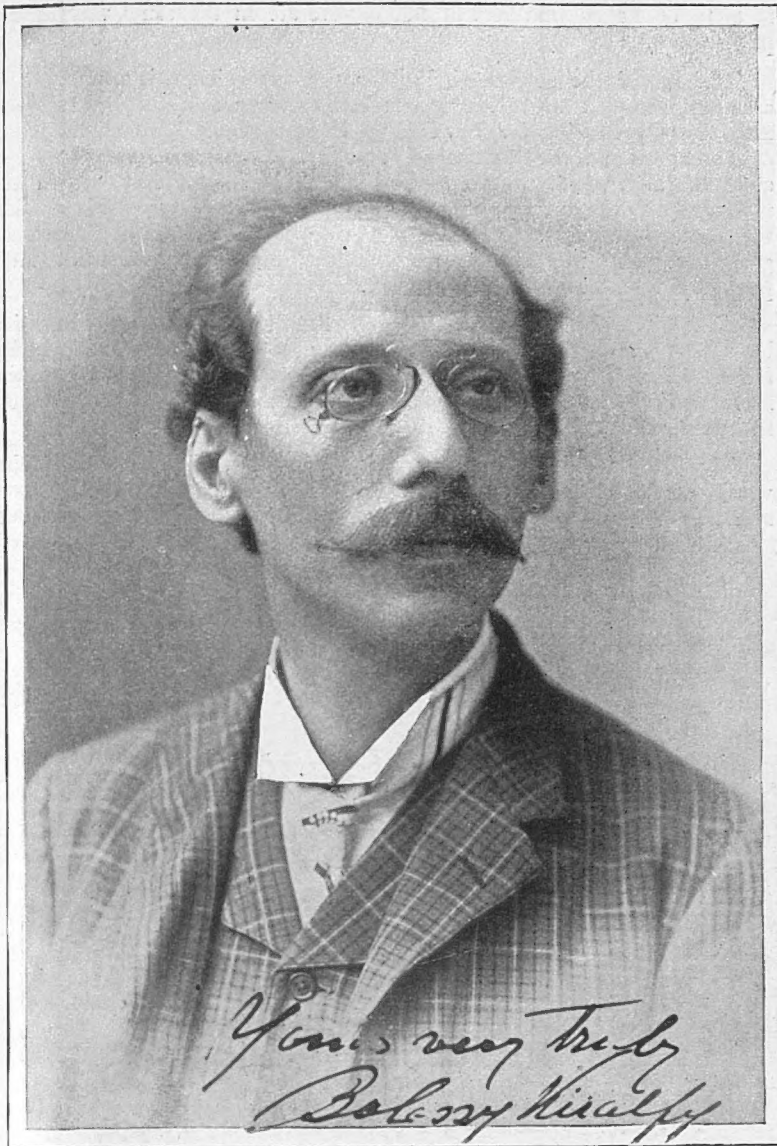


Photo by Falk, New York.

began, surely never was such a stupendously magnificent *mise en scène* produced as is twice daily exhibited at Olympia. Were all the laudatory superlative adjectives in the dictionary requisitioned to describe this brilliant, artistic, and colossal entertainment, there would still be others wanting to do it adequate justice.

I confess that its effect on me was nigh overwhelming (writes one of our representatives). Constantine the Great transferred the seat of government from imperial Rome to the ancient city of Byzantium, acknowledged by the then new appellation of Constantinople; but Bolossy Kiralfy has, in a sense, done a greater deed by transporting the Turkish capital itself to the Metropolis of the World. The crescent light, symbol of the Oriental city, has waxed into a complete moon under the full reflection of the sun of Bolossy Kiralfy's genius.

Of Bolossy Kiralfy before I met him I knew something. I had heard of his successful career of twenty-four years in the United States:

how he had reproduced with intensified effect spectacles which had previously delighted all Europe, of which his "Excelsior" was as yet, perhaps, the most magnificent. Till three years ago he had contented himself in repainting with brighter colours the works of others, but at length he determined to call on his own creative faculties by the construction of an *al fresco* summer scenic world just outside New York, ye!ept the Eldorado, with its beauteous gardens, its Roman arena, and its gigantic stage, on which the resplendent reception of the Queen of Sheba by King Solomon awoke the world to the glories of light and colour which it had previously only dreamt of. Its effulgence fell on the directors of "Olympia, Limited," and two of that corporate body crossed the Atlantic, came, saw, and were conquered. "*Carte blanche*" were Bolossy Kiralfy's terms, and not ill has he requited them. To this potentate of pageantry I bore a letter of introduction from the Editor of *The Sketch*, and as his ambassador I was accorded a gracious audience by Bolossy Kiralfy in his private office. The traces of the mental strain of such a prodigious undertaking were not absent on the face of the man who had undergone the onus of personally superintending every detail of producing "Constantinople in London," but his urbanity showed no flagging of spirit.

"Let me, first of all, offer you my heartiest congratulations on the unqualified success of what is undoubtedly the 'Show of the World,' Mr. Kiralfy," I remarked, as I sat myself near his desk and opened conversation. "It beats 'Venice in London' hollow. Of course, you saw that."

"No; indeed, I made a point of not seeing it. I daresay you who write articles in the papers will appreciate how it cramps your ideas to peruse cognate literary work in advance of using your own pen. Similarly, I wished to be entirely original. When I had ascertained the dimensions of Olympia, the size of the previous staff of the artists engaged, and so on, I had enough particulars to form my own plans. I found I had just the opportunity which I would desire to carry out one of the dreams of my ambition."

"When did you really commence your gigantic enterprise?"

"In March last, when I came over and inspected the building, and began making drawings to scale for the extensive alterations and enlargements I proposed. And I had plenty of work in increasing the size of the stage, which, with the additional sides, now measures 450 ft. Besides, as I daresay you have noticed, I have put the orchestra in a specially constructed masked enclosure on a level with the water and in front of the stage. What with new bridges, galleries of great strength, new trap-doors, dressing-rooms, and the rest of it, I had my work cut out."

"And you are making additions even now?"

"Oh, certainly. Very soon you will have the aquatic pageants and the electric perfumed fountains, and we shall soon have steam-lifts to raise the scenes. The weight of the machinery is something enormous, for where in other theatres they have to do with hundredweights we have here to deal with tons."

"And the cost of production must have been gigantic?"

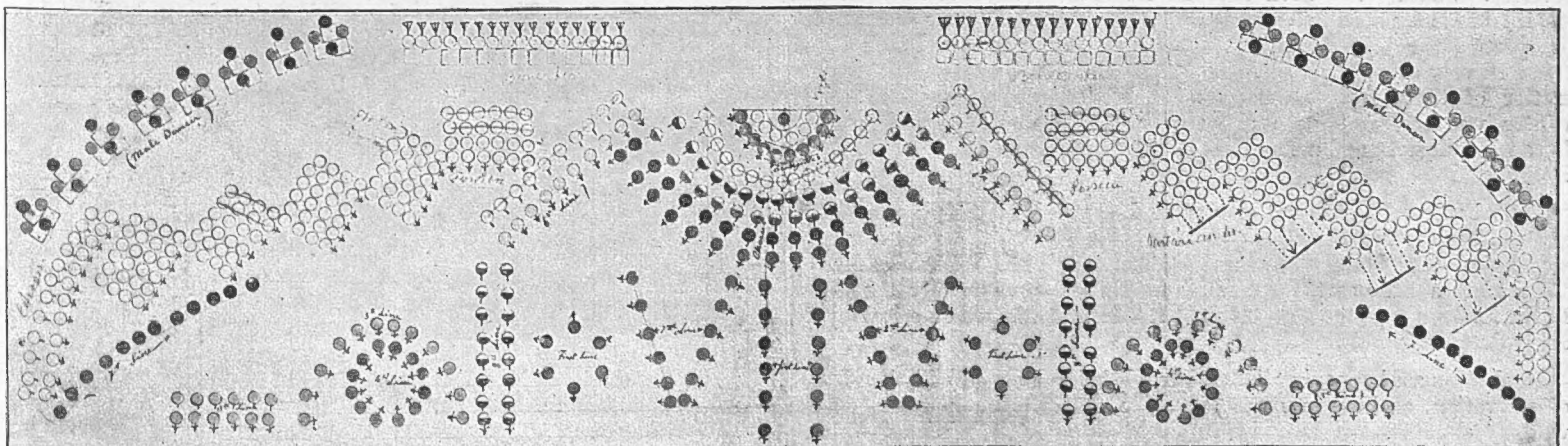
"Quite so; but it will not be ruinous, I think I may say, to the shareholders," Mr. Kiralfy remarked, with a confident smile. "The decorations have been most costly, and the dresses alone have cost several fortunes, as they were bound to, for everything is of the best material—which, after all, was the truest economy, when the time that the show will certainly run is considered. You see, we had to use colours that would stand usage and exposure, and all the gold and silver work is of real metal, not of mere tinsel."

"I am surprised that everything is so near completion. I scarcely thought you would be able to open on Boxing Day," I ventured to remark.

"Well, we had some trouble, I confess. It was the heavy scenic work and stage machinery and its erection which seriously hindered rehearsals."

"You must have spent many a sleepless night?" I remarked, noticing the wearied look in his eyes.

"Yes; I had plenty to plot out when coming over the last time. I thought of nothing else. No; I'm a pretty good sailor, having crossed the Atlantic thirty-five times. Look here at this pocket-book full of memoranda. Do you see the sketches and the plans of processions



MR. KIRALFY'S PLAN FOR FINAL GROUPING IN THE "SPECTACLE" AT "CONSTANTINOPLE."

and ballets by all those dots, and these calculations innumerable? But I was determined 'to do or die,' and, although I sometimes scarcely expected to realise my ambition, I have managed 'to get there.'"

"And you were your own ballet-master, I believe?"

"Oh, certainly. There is nothing in 'Constantinople in London' which I have not personally inspected and approved before passing. I selected every singer, and I don't think you can find much fault with the choruses. Of course, I have been much assisted in the musical department by Cavaliere Paolo Giorza, the composer of twenty-two ballets in Milan and elsewhere, and the beautiful designs of Messrs. Wilhelm and Edel have materially helped in my success; indeed, the grand movements of colours are one of the greatest attractions of the spectacle."

"You must have found the marshalling of such numbers of people, especially of the ballet girls, no easy task?"

"Of course; but I always adopt kind treatment—the best plan, I can assure you. If you bully your company they very soon lose their wits, but if you explain what you want done I have always found that my people enter *con amore* into the work, and the difficulty is soon conquered; but, of course, when the rehearsals last from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., and all the while hammering is going on incessantly, one does not have quite the best opportunity for teaching. I think the secret of such success as mine is to know what you want done. You must make up your mind and never change it. A settled plan of campaign soonest leads to victory."

"I suppose the great Roman triumphal processions never approached anything like such magnificent pageantry as what one sees here?"

"Oh, no. The Roman soldiers alone made a great show in the splendour of their armour; the women's dresses were comparatively

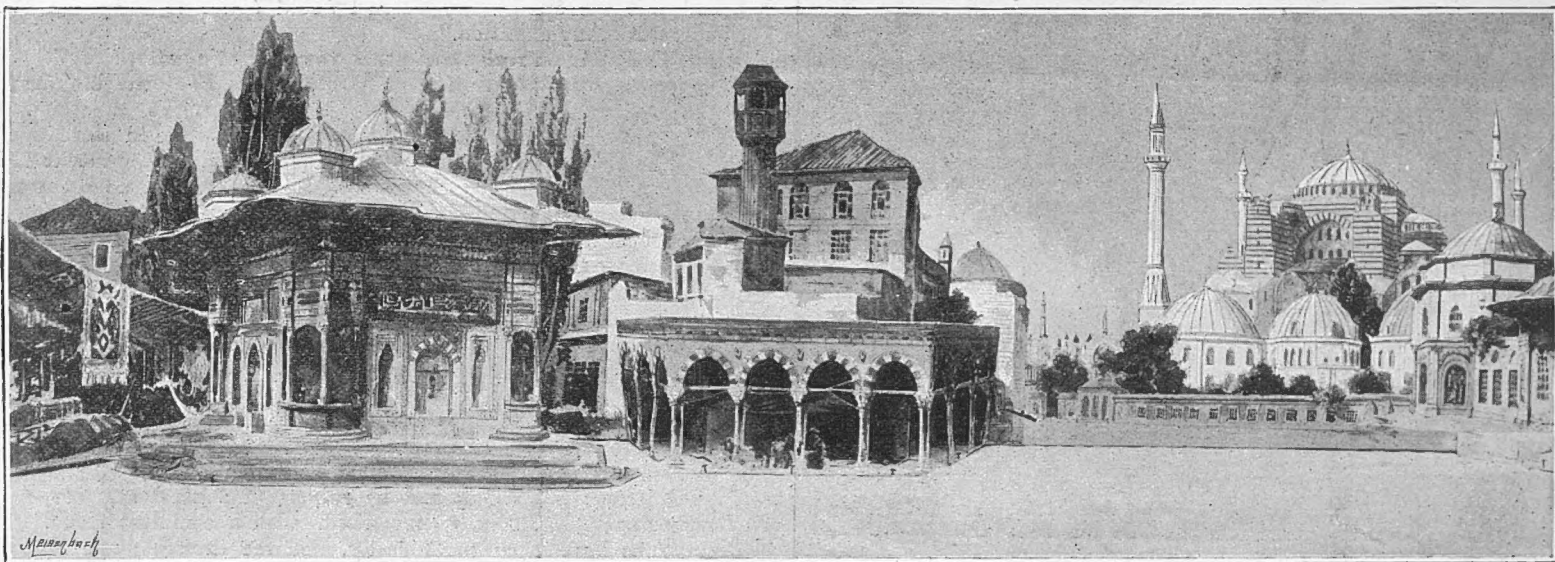
dreadful necessity of begging in the streets; and only a few days ago an old lady, belonging to an ancient family, was found to have died literally of starvation and cold alone in a miserable little garret, and this in the midst of one of the richest and gayest cities of the world.

A magnificent new skating rink has been opened in the Champs Elysées, and most appropriately named the Palais de Glace. It is a great improvement on the Pôle Nord, which has become quite impossible for a lady to go to nowadays. Now that the new place has opened, it is to be hoped that it will not deteriorate in the same way as its predecessor.

The life of the celebrated Deibler, the executioner, is anything but a happy one just now. He has received over a score of letters from Anarchists, promising to blow him up if he executes Vaillant, the fiend of the explosion at the Chamber of Deputies. Deibler is already seventy, and, naturally, wants to end his days in peace, so he has sent in his resignation to the authorities, enclosing the letters as excuse. No wonder the poor old man is going in fear of his life, as these dreadful Anarchists generally avoid idle threats on principle, and carry out what they prophesy with terrible determination.

At Asnières, M. Pélatan had several shots from revolvers fired at him by a party of Anarchists, men and boys, who were shouting "*Vive l'Anarchie! Vive Vaillant!*" but was rescued from certain death, fortunately, by horrified passers-by, although two of the bullets pierced his overcoat.

The latest fad is to have a vaccination party, of all things in the world, *chez soi!* The cow is actually brought into the drawing-room, and the favourite physician operates upon the fair patients assembled



THE SECOND TABLEAU IN ACT II. OF THE "SPECTACLE" AT "CONSTANTINOPLE."

simple, and not to be compared for rich colouring with the gorgeoussness of Oriental life that we have endeavoured to portray here at Olympia."

"And you have come to stay with us, I hope, and to brighten the sombreness of gloomy London by bringing the lustre of the East into touch with the West in the Metropolis of England."

"Oh, certainly. My reception by the English public and the London Press has been most gratifying, so much so, that I shall not leave in a hurry, you may be sure."

"And you have other delights in prospect to offer us, I hope?"

"I think so—'up my sleeve!' he replied, with a significant smile.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The cold has been, and promises to continue, perfectly Arctic in its severity. Skating has been enjoyed for several days already on the small lakes and ponds in or adjacent to the Bois, and there seems every prospect of the joyous carnivals of last year on the Grand Lac being repeated very soon. The average Frenchman—and woman, too, for the matter of that—looks intensely miserable at the approach of really winter weather, and goes about muffled up in furs heavy enough for an Esquimaux, and a nose whose fiery tint seems to testify to many things.

The boulevards were not so crammed as usual for the *Jour de l'An*, and neither are the novelties quite so good this year, the most favourite mechanical toys being the squeaking mouse and the ostrich or donkey attached to a little cart, the driver using his whip vigorously the while. In the *bonbon* shops the most original ornament is the person on a bicycle, every detail being always correct.

Sad cases are happening daily of people being frozen to death or dying of starvation, as here in Paris there are considerable numbers of the working classes out of employment, although one does not hear so much about it as in England. An aged couple, living off the Boulevard de Clichy, committed suicide by asphyxiation rather than be driven to the

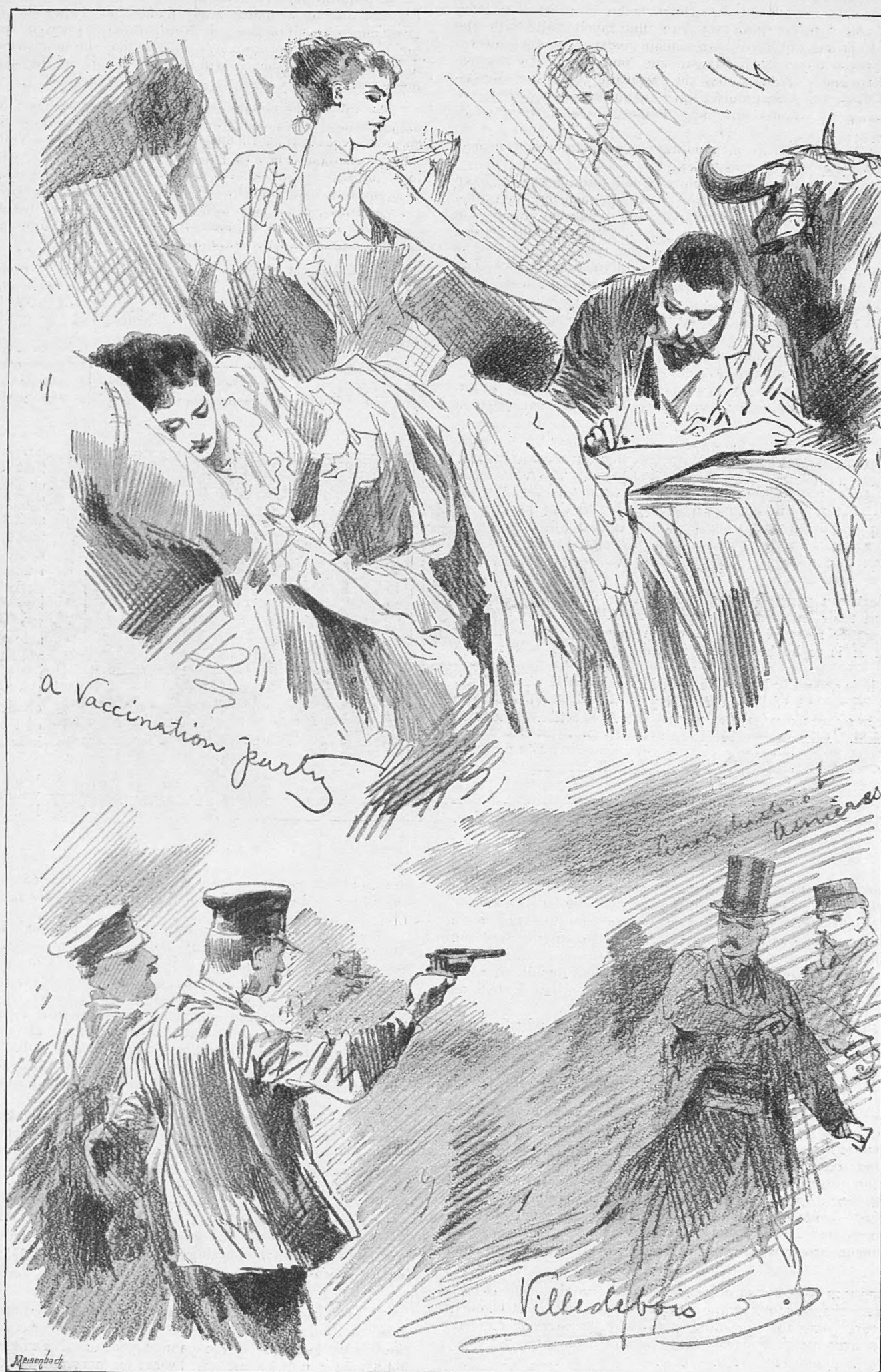
there for that purpose. In a recent case the poor cow stuck in the lift and refused to budge! No wonder women are called fanciful.

A somewhat extraordinary case has just been concluded. A Madame Millescamps was charged with being a spy in German employ, and was subsequently condemned to five years' imprisonment and to a fine of £40. She used to make frequent journeys to Germany, with the supposed object of selling rosaries, prayer-books, and other pious articles; but suspicion being aroused, her house in Paris was searched, with the result that certain documents, plans, and maps were found, which proved beyond doubt that she was far from being a loyal French subject. Her defence was that she was visited by a "foreign spy," who must have accidentally left these important papers behind him.

It may be remembered that ex-Minister Baihaut was condemned in the Panama trial to five years' imprisonment. He was regularly visited in the prison at Etampes by his favourite daughter, Jeanne, between whom and himself was the greatest affection, until the poor girl became too ill to go to him. He was told she was dying eventually, and in spite of him writing to President Carnot and M. Casimir-Perier, who were formerly school-fellows of his, a stern refusal was given to his humble entreaty to see his dying child, who passed away last week at the age of nineteen of consumption. Great sympathy is expressed for the unhappy father.

MIMOSA.

In his dissertation on the Beautiful which Mr. Arthur Roberts, in the guise of tutor, delivers nightly at the Gaiety Theatre, we are told that there is the beauty of Bassano and the beauty of Romano. Mr. Roberts might now add to his list the beauty of Mersano, for the fame of the article is spreading. Mersano is a non-alcoholic wine, made from the finest Muscatel and Valencia raisins, which, despite its southern looking name, hails from Aberdeen, where Messrs. Forbes, Maxwell, and Co. have patented it. Teetotalism has undoubtedly suffered from the want of a really good drink. Mersano supplies the aching void, and should have a great future in store for itself.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Footballers propose, but fate, fog, and frost dispose. Everything was in readiness, including excursion trains, thousands of excited spectators, and what not, for the meeting of Devon and Somerset in the Rugby championship; but fate, in the person of John Frost, Esq., placed his little veto on the game, and all went home disconsolate. Devon has now offered to play on Wednesday, Jan. 17. They don't appear to have acquired the art of protecting the ground from frost in the west of England.

It was rather hard luck on Cheshire to have to meet Lancashire in their re-played match with a team greatly weakened by injuries and even death. Yet the Lancashire lads had very little the best of the play, although they managed to win by 11 points to 3.

Yorkshiremen have been crowing very loud over the fact that they had six representatives in the English team against Wales, and, as they are almost certain to win the county championship, there will hardly be any living with the victorious Tykes. I should not be at all surprised to hear a proposal emanating from Yorkshire that the champion county should be selected *en bloc* to meet Scotland in March; nor am I at all sure that they would not be successful.

The visit of the Edinburgh Watsonians to England and Wales carries with it some significant hints regarding the relative strength of Scottish, English, and Welsh footballers. What English club, for instance, could have beaten Salford so easily as the Watsonians did? and what English club has run Newport on their own ground so closely as the Watsonians? Although the Scots were beaten by a goal to a try, they had by no means the worst of the game, and the probabilities are that on neutral ground they would prove a little too good for the Welshmen. The Watsonian forwards are representative Scottish scrummagers, who play the old, hard, vigorous game, and I doubt whether the Welsh eight will be able to stand up against the Scottish nine when it comes to an International trial of strength. Another proof of the strength of Scottish Rugby this season was the defeat of Halifax and Spen Valley by a club like Galashiels.

I know Scotsmen generally have made up their minds that they are going to win all their International engagements this season. This is, no doubt, a proper state of mind in which to approach the mighty struggles, and it is to be hoped that in this case pride will not go before a fall.

I suppose it is generally known that C. M. Wells, who played half-back for England against Wales on Saturday, is the Cantab and Surrey cricketer. A few years ago he also played the Association game with considerable skill. Like Rudyard Kipling's General—

'E's little, but e's wise,
'E's a terror for his size,
And 'e don't advertise,
Does C. M. Wells.

For Londoners, there will only be one Rugby match next Saturday. This will be the return fixture between London Scottish and Blackheath. This match is regarded as no ordinary club fixture, and in a football sense stirs the blood of both nations. Each club represents most of the best and brightest of the Rugby game in each nation, although the London Scottish is, of course, an English club. It may be remembered that the last match played at Richmond ended in a draw, and both sides are naturally very eager to snatch a victory on the present occasion. I understand that the Scottish, who are rather light forward, have the offer of one or two heavy-weights from Scotland, but I hope they will stick to their own men, and win or lose on their merits. It ought to be a great fight, with the chances in favour of the Heathens.

Last week I spoke of the record of the Croydon Club, who had not lost a single point in their last ten matches. The Bedford Club can go one better than this, for they have won all their matches and scored 331 points against 32. Of course, Bedford have not met first-class teams, although one of their latest victims was Leicester.

The Irish Rugby Union have made an excellent recommendation to the English Union. I naturally consider it excellent, because I have often advocated it myself. It is that the ball should always be put into the scrummages on the referee's side. The abuses that obtain on the blind side of the "scrum" have grown to such an extent that this proposal of the Irish Union is absolutely necessary. The only alternative—and it is one few would like to see adopted—is that the referee should put the ball into the scrummage himself.

F. O. Stoker, the forward, who has been assisting Blackheath recently, and had the honour of scoring a try against Hartlepool Rovers, is the well-known Irish lawn-tennis player.

Owing to Saville having strained his leg, he was unable to play for England v. Wales. This let in Murfitt, the speedy young Durhamite. A wag suggested that the Durham man got his cap because he was Murfitt than Saville.

In their three matches during Christmas week Wolverhampton Wanderers netted about £800 gate-money. With their match against Sunderland last Saturday the sum would reach about four figures. As a League club takes all the money on its own ground, this is a nice little sum for the cup-holders to go on with.

We have had many strange reversals of form this season, but the latest is, perhaps, the most surprising of all. West Bromwich Albion, after defeating the Wanderers at Wolverhampton by eight goals to nil,

journeyed to Everton three days later, and received their quietus by seven to one. On the following day Everton went to Darwen, and could only play a drawn game with the weakest of the League clubs. On paper form this would mean that Darwen are some fourteen goals better than Wolverhampton Wanderers. This is a ridiculous suggestion.

I am sorry to see the Corinthians made such a poor show during their recent tour. The best thing they did was to beat Burnley on their own ground, but the League club was without four of their regular forwards. On New Year's Day the tourists had the worst of the game with Queen's Park, but they managed to draw at one goal each. On the following day they were beaten, pointless, by four goals by the St. Bernards of Edinburgh.

By-the-way, F. H. R. Alderson considers that Cardiff and Newport are the two finest combinations he has ever played against. This virtually means that they are the two best clubs of the century.

ATHLETICS.

W. G. George, the famous distance runner, has just issued a challenge to C. Pearce, S. Thomas, Crossland, or Bacon to run him any distance

from one to twelve miles. George is, of course, a professional now, and has done nothing on the path for a year or two. It is not at all likely that either Pearce or Thomas will give up their amateur status in order to make a match with a professional runner. The probability is that in any case George is too much on the side of the sere and yellow leaf to have much chance with the men he has challenged; but the old hand is still hearty.

Charlie Pearce, who, in conjunction with Thomas, has the honour of being the best distance runner of the present or any other day, is in his thirty-sixth year.

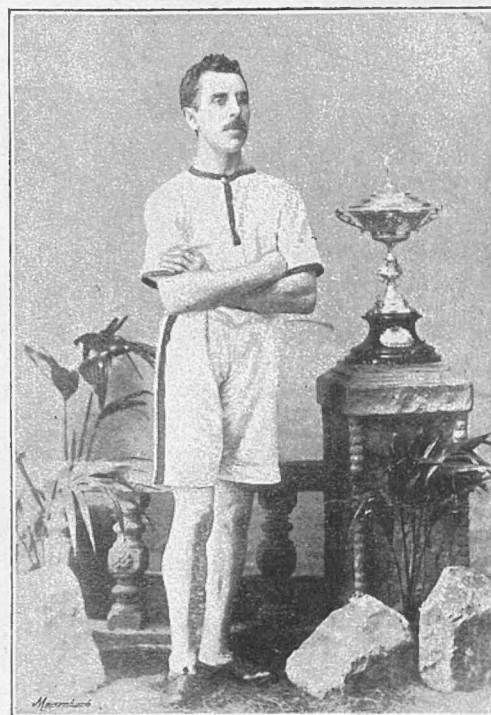


Photo by C. Katierns, Northampton.
CHARLIE PEARCE.

Some of his performances during the past season have been phenomenal. Although beaten in the ten-miles championship by Thomas, he easily turned the tables on the latter in the recent five-mile match at Northampton. He will probably take a prominent place during the coming cross-country season.

CRICKET.

The coming cricket season promises to be a busy one. In place of the Australians, we shall have teams from America, Holland, and South Africa. A leading sportsman in the Cape has guaranteed a sum of £500 towards the expenses of the South African team, which will be a mixed one of amateurs and professionals. Their season will be a short one, as they arrive about the end of May and leave at the end of July. The Cape team will, of course, play the M.C.C., and will also meet Oxford University and several of the leading counties, including Surrey, Somerset, Sussex, and Gloucester. The team will be selected from the following—

A. B. Tancred, E. A. Halliwell, T. Routledge, G. S. Kempis, C. E. Finlason, F. W. Smith, H. Mosenthal, and A. R. Innes (Transvaal); C. Fichart (Orange Free State); C. O. H. Sewell and D. C. Davey (Natal); D. Parkin, W. Alcock, and O. R. Dunell (Eastern Province); Irvine Grimmer and George Glover (Kimberley); Frank Hearne, sometime of Kent, C. Mills, erst of Surrey, Middleton, V. Vanderbyl, G. Cripps, E. Allen, A. Richards, E. M. Dawson-Thomas, and C. Prince (Western Province). Of these the most prominent players are Tancred, Routledge, Dunell, Vanderbyl, and the two professionals from the Western Province.

AQUATICS.

The Henley Regatta for the present year has been fixed for July 4, 5, and 6. Last year's affair was a great success from a financial point of view, and has helped to swell the reserve fund to £1650.

I am glad to hear that a sculling match has been ratified by the payment of final deposits of £50 each between G. Bubear and C. R. Harding. The race will be over the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, on Monday, Feb. 5. This will be a contest of science versus muscle, for Harding is probably the lightest oarsman afloat. I will back the light-weight to win.

OLYMPIAN.



"THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

PARK'S NEW CHARACTERS.

SIR ALBERT AFFABLE	BEAUTIOUS BELINDA	KING KISSALL	QUEEN ALLKISS	DORETHY DRINK A DROP	COAXING CHARLEY
					
Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is water like a dejeuner?	Why is the Emperor of China like a couple of seamen?	When is the Queen of Sheba like a couple of seamen?	Why is a rainy Sunday like a porter's evening?	Why is a bread-tray like a painter?
GRACEFUL CERTRUDE	SIR HARRY HARDUP	SIR FRENCHIFIED FRIBBLE	ICY ISABEL	SIR LOVELY LOOK-AT-ME	MOLLY MAKE PEACE
					
Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	What is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?
DAVID DONT CARE	MADAM WRYFACE	PETER PETTYFOG	MISS QUIZZICAL QUIBBLE	ROOSTERING ROBIN	SELINA SENTIMENT
					
Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?
MISS VINEGAR VIE WITH ALL	BEN WETHERALL	WHIMPERING WHINETONGUE	SALLY SLYBOOTS	YANKEE YOKE'EM	ZANY ZORETTE
					
Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?	Why is a monkey like a monkey?	When is a monkey like a monkey?

A Because it's a grave subject.
B When it's mingled with spirits.
C Because he is a Parler (for lar).
D When she's a board (aboard).
E There is a quiff of heavy wet about.
F Because he measures by nails.

G Because he throws down his awl.
H Because he's a Fire holder.
I A few-cumber (cucumber).
J When she's in Slays.
K Because he has a beard without a head.
L When she's confused.

M London. Pub'd by A. PARK 47, Leonard St. Finsbury.
N Because he lives by his notes.
O When he's attached.
P Because he's a tenant in Subjection.
Q When he's non-suited.
R Because he has ten drills & shirts.
S Because it is a quarter of a yard.

T Dere Ham (Dear Ham).
U Because it lives in the sea (see).
V Because he's hard up.
W Present with a good beak.
X Because he's C.D. (seedy).
Y When he's studying a part.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

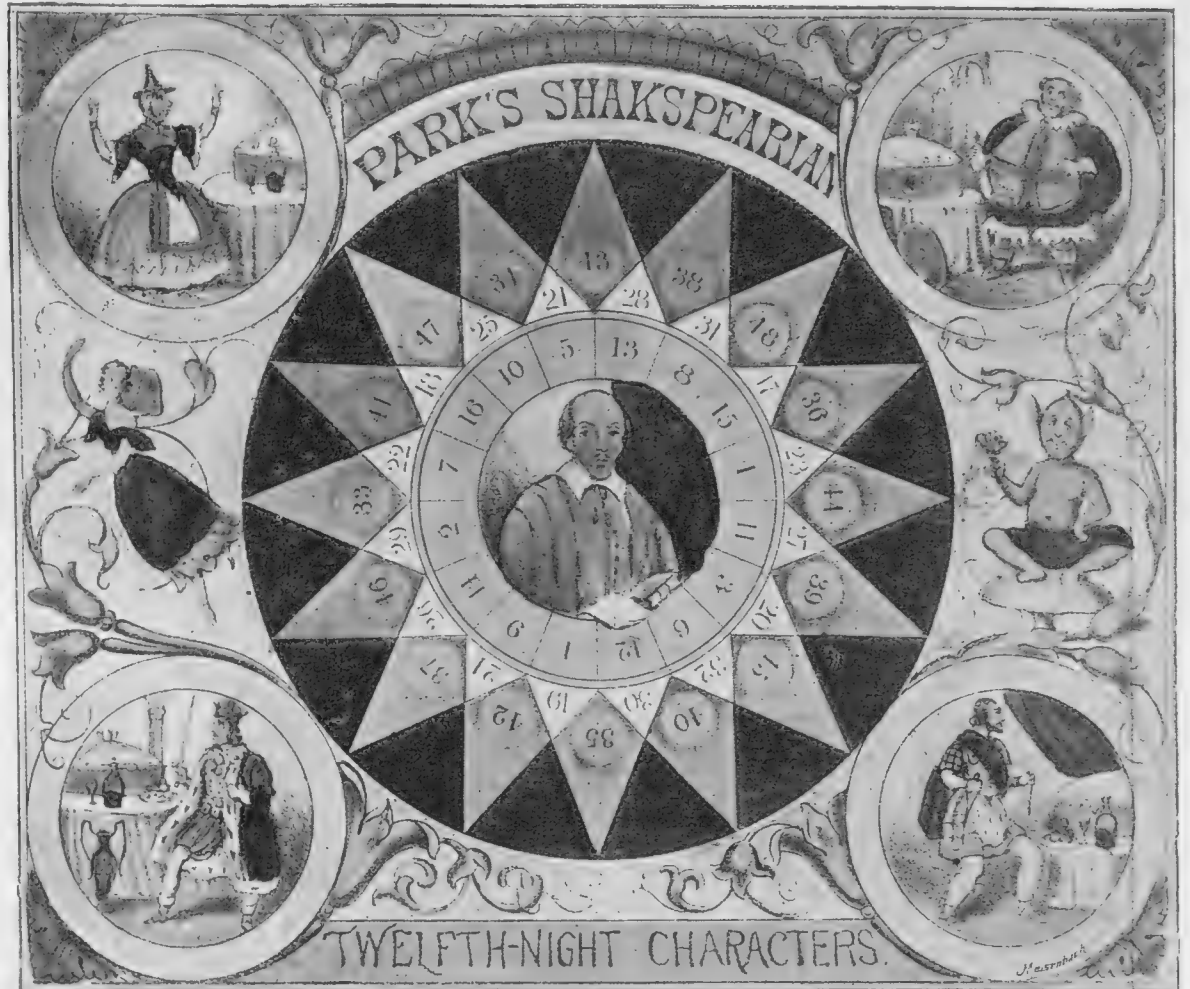
A good many years ago, in my daisy-and-buttercup days, on one fine afternoon—at least, I suppose it was fine, because I had been plentifully supplied with Everton toffee—I met the late Samuel Phelps. That evening he played in "Twelfth Night," the very first time I ever sat in a theatre, so, you see, I remember it. As a mere matter of insignificant detail, I can never read the words "Twelfth Night" without thinking of poor Phelps, whose stalwart son, oddly enough, I met in the Strand this very morning—or, at least, someone who was with me said it was.

It was about the same time as this that I bought my first set of "Twelfth-Night Characters," which here you see reproduced on the pages of *The Sketch*. I bought them in a little Sussex village, in company with some very sour oranges and a chunk of almond-dented hardbake. In Sussex they kept up Twelfth Night well. It was the mode to present Twelfth cakes to your friends; it was, further, the mode to pile one on the top of the other on the supper table. The cakes were frosted, treacly, and somewhat gritty; but, doubtless, it was all well meant, even if you did break your front teeth over a bit of gravel. The usual thing on Twelfth Night was, after playing the game of "Characters," to indulge in gambling with nuts for speculation. The usual thing, too, was to have a coin, a ring, and a nutmeg in the cake. The young person who had the ring sliced out to her, of course, was to be first married; the virgin with the nutmeg was to remain a spinster all the days of her life.

A propos of all this, there used to be a story going about that some frugal and astute housewife wanted to please a meagre but moneyed relative. So she put a half-sovereign in her cake, and purposely arranged

that the Three-per-Cents elderly gentleman should have a bite at it. He did so, and broke a valuable set of false teeth. She was cut off with a shilling! So doth not the wisdom of the serpent always come in first round Tattenham Corner?

But in my time the Twelfth cake came to be most elaborately



developed. Can any matured siren or middle-aged Adonis boast that she or he can forget that little Elizabethian-decked chalk-and-sugar figure that in the days of pork pies and crinolines was always seen standing on

the top of the cake? I remember a now famous war artist who sat under the dining-room table and howled because they would not let him share the figure with myself, cheerfully promising that if it were given to him he would only eat one foot. It was always a great thing in those benighted times to become possessor of the little mannikin, and many a youthful digestion was ruined by partaking of the choice artistic confection.

The Twelfth cake in England, however, I fancy, is rather dying out in its popularity. Even as Guy Fawkes is occasionally brought to the stake attired as the Prime Minister, the ex-Prime Minister, or the latest murderer, there is no connection with the modern Twelfth Night cake and the famous old feast of the last century. Heyday!—I am rather sorry that it should be so. It is quite as amusing, my dear young women, to play at "Hunt the Slipper" or with Twelfth Night cards as to go through what often seems to me the utter nonsense of the cotillon. "Here," as the great satirist had it, "a lady, I suppose, turning up her pretty nose, must needs remark, 'The next thing that you'll suggest is that we should import 'honey-pots' from the nursery to the drawing-room.'" Nothing whatever of the sort, my dear Madam; all that I meant to say was that Twelfth Night should be kept up, and that we should keep our memory green, and screw up our courage to the sticking point, even to devouring the somewhat sticky cake. A. T. P.



PARK'S SHAKSPEARE CHARACTERS

DESDEMONA  <i>Why is a flag like a railway?</i>	OTHELLO  <i>Why is an honest man like barley-sugar?</i>	QUEEN ANNA BOLEYN  <i>Why is a woman in error like a young lady taken prisoner?</i>	KING HENRY 8TH  <i>Why is a cautious tradesman like a student in divinity?</i>	LADY ANNE  <i>Why is a little man like a loaf of bread baked too much?</i>	DURE OF GLOSTER  <i>Why is an eating house keeper like a doctor?</i>
MIRANDA  <i>Why is an invalid old man like a well-driven nail?</i>	PROSPERO  <i>What bird is that which always calls the owner's name?</i>	SIR JOHN FAUSTAFF  <i>Why is the cross on the top of St. Paul's like an abandoned character?</i>	MR. PAGE  <i>Why are transoms that are big every way like two bones in France?</i>	OPHELIA  <i>Why are children whose parents are dead like worn out shoes?</i>	HAMLET  <i>Why is a boy doing his sums like a serpent erect?</i>
JULIUS  <i>Can you spell brandy in three letters?</i>	ROMEO  <i>Why is the letter P like death?</i>	BENEDICT  <i>Why is an endeavour to obtain perpetual motion like a barren tree?</i>	BEATRICE  <i>Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?</i>	CYMBELINE  <i>What is the difference between a young school boy and the best?</i>	SMOKE  <i>What is the difference between a man and a horse?</i>
ORLANDO  <i>What river would open its name if he suddenly recollected that he was in debt?</i>	ROSALIND  <i>What ingredient in a salad would express one's native land?</i>	JESSICA  <i>Why is a man approaching a candle like another about to get off his horse?</i>	SHYLOCK  <i>Why is not like a Chinese lady's feet?</i>	PETRUCCIO  <i>When is a ship not a ship?</i>	KATHARINE  <i>When is a tree as comfortable as a bed?</i>

London, Published by A. PARK, 11, Leonard St. & Minster.

A Because it runs upon sleepers.	O Because he is in firm.	N B. R. & Y. Brandy.	T Olio.
B Because he is candid (candid).	H A Duckee.	O Because it is between the end of life & the beginning.	W Sweet Oil (sweet tale).
C Because she is mis-taken.	I Because it is covered over with guilt (gilt).	P Brattle.	X Because he is going to alight.
D Because he studies the profits (Drophets).	K Because they are too long (Katharine) & too loose (Katharine).	Q Because he is a wrong (wrong) what never existed.	V Because brevity is the soul (soul) of wit.
E Because he is cruelly.	L Because they are left-off (left-off) orphans.	R Topography.	Z When she is a shore.
F Because he profits by consumption.	M Because he is an under-tip.	S Twenty.	Z When it's down.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BREITMANN BALLADS.*

The creator of the inimitable Hans Breitmann had written an account of most of his own life, not with a view to publication, but merely to supply material for a friendly biographer when he himself should be no more. In ignorance of this fact, the publisher of these volumes fortunately asked Mr. Leland to write his memoirs, and the result is a very pleasant contribution to that most interesting department of biography, the autobiographical.

With the opening pages of the book, and the birth of the autobiographer sixty-nine years ago, the curtain rises on Philadelphia as it was then, "a beautiful, old-fashioned city," before the days of railways and ocean liners. The son of a prosperous trader, Charles Godfrey Leland grew up a shy, thoughtful, and studious boy, delicate in constitution, somewhat of a Paul Dombey, according to Mr. Leland's remembrance of himself in early years. He became an omnivorous reader. By the time he was fifteen he had not only read far and wide in English literature, but was familiar with the teachings of the Occultists, the Neo-Platonists, the German Transcendentalists; already he had been fascinated by Rabelais (many years afterwards he founded a Rabelais club in London) and by the then little-known Villon. Schooldays over, and having graduated at Princeton, he was allowed by his father to spend several years in Europe. He visited Italy, and mastered German as a student at Heidelberg and Munich. Jovial student-life in Germany strengthened him as doses of calomel and quinine had failed to do at home. When, in the year before the French Revolution of 1848, he reached Paris to prosecute his studies, the shy, depressed, and solitude-loving child had become a vigorous and companionable young man of twenty-four. With other students, American and French, and taking the popular side, he threw himself body and soul into the February Revolution, descriptions of scenes and incidents in which fill some of the most striking pages of his autobiography. He was welcomed as a leader by the insurgents, who belonged chiefly to the working class. The young American, 6 ft. 2 in., long-haired, wearing a rakish cap, a red necktie, and a red sash, armed with a dirk and a pair of duelling pistols, was in the thick of the fight, directing and aiding in the erection of barricades, and prominent among their defenders. But he had no sympathy with the Socialists, and, anticipating the insurrection of the following June, he returned home, after a first short visit to London.

Back in Philadelphia, he entered a lawyer's office, contributing at intervals to periodicals. In due time he was a full-fledged attorney. For the practice of the law, however, he had no taste, and he found no encouragement to prosecute it. At the end of three months he had only two clients, and had earned no more dollars than would make three pounds of our money. Naturally, he turned to the newspaper and periodical press. One of his earliest engagements was, as man-of-all-work, to conduct, with scarcely any assistance, an *Illustrated News* in New York, of which Barnum was one of the founders. Of that prince of humbugs Mr. Leland has much that is good to say. He found Barnum kind-hearted, generous, and, moreover, a very effective and copious contributor to the column of *facétie* which was one of the features of the journal. Mr. Leland actually persuaded Barnum to refrain from inserting in the journal any puffs of his endless and generally deceptive "shows," of some of which the autobiographer gives a most amusing account. The force of personal influence could no further go. With very hard work and very little pay, Mr. Leland did not regret a severance of his connection with the *Illustrated News* of the Empire City.

He had been an Abolitionist when in the North to be an Abolitionist was to be regarded as a crazy fanatic. On the breaking out of the War of Secession he wrote in more than one periodical fiery articles advocating immediate emancipation as a war measure, and these, there seems no doubt, influenced the policy of President Lincoln; but when

a Confederate force under General Lee invaded Pennsylvania Mr. Leland threw down the pen and hastened to defend his native State as a soldier in the artillery. His pages are now full of moving incidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, and terrible hardships undergone. His experiences of actual warfare were utilised in some of the Breitmann ballads. The first of these famous lays, the description of Hans Breitmann's "Barty," had been contributed to a magazine before the War of Secession. Others of them were dashed off merely to fill up familiar letters to a friend in New York, through whom, having oozed into newspapers, they became widely quoted. Mr. Leland had forgotten, he says, all about them when he was asked to have them published. The publisher thought a thousand copies at fifty cents each would be an ample edition. Many thousands were called for, and throughout the English-speaking world Hans Breitmann became a household word.

By the death of his father, Mr. Leland, after years of journalism, became independent, and, with failing health, paid a second visit to Europe,

where, I believe, he is still sojourning. As the author of "Hans Breitmann," he has at one time or other been welcomed by almost every English literary notability. There are references in the closing chapters of his autobiography to conversations with the late Laureate, with whom he discussed the merits of Walt Whitman, and pleased by reading to him a version, in English Romany, of "Home they brought her warrior dead." To some rather trenchant remarks of Carlyle, he had the courage to reply, "Allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that in all manner of historical criticism you are merely influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical," and the Sage took the speech in unexpectedly good part. Mr. Leland gives an interesting account of a visit to the first Lord Lytton at Knebworth, whom he astonished by his familiarity with Rosicrucian and occult lore. His estimate of George Eliot is more ample than that of almost any of the literary celebrities whom he met in London. "I never detected in her," he says, "any trace of genial humour, though I doubt not that it was latent in her, and I thought her a person who had drawn her ideas far more from books, and an acquaintance with certain types of humanity, whom she had set herself deliberately to study—albeit, with rare perception—than from an easy, intuitive familiarity with all sorts and conditions of men. But she worked out thoroughly what she knew by the intuition of genius." When she told Mr. Leland that in order to write "Daniel Deronda" she had read through two hundred books, he longed to tell her, but politeness forbade, that she had better have learnt Yiddish, and talked

with two hundred Jews. And now we must take leave of Mr. Leland's interesting volumes. If they are favourably received, as they deserve to be, he promises further reminiscences, bringing his experiences to a later date than that reached in this tolerably ample instalment of his autobiography.

F. L.

THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.—IX.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

Among my books—what rest is there
From wasting woes! what balm for care!

If ills appal or clouds hang low,

And drooping dim the fleeting show,
I revel still in visions rare.

At will I breathe the classic air,

The wanderings of Ulysses share,

Or see the plume of Bayard flow

Among my books.

Whatever face the world may wear—

If Lillan has no smile to spare,

For others let her beauty blow,

Such favours I can well forego;

Perchance forget the frowning fair

Among my books.

S. M. P.



MR. C. G. LELAND.

* "Memoirs." By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). Two vols. London: William Heinemann.



THE 2nd HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY (74th) MARCHING TO THE EMPRESS'S PARADE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A PEEP AT "SPY."

MR. LESLIE WARD AT HOME.

The ordinary complications of a dim London afternoon in winter are somewhat increased by suddenly finding one's self in an unfamiliar street, and in this big, infinitely indefinite city these involved occasions constantly arise, even when one's birthplace may happen to be within the conventional stone's throw of the place one seeks. The object of a recent inquisitorial half-hour was to find Mr. Leslie Ward, the well-known "Spy" of *Vanity Fair*, in his den, and, after having groped round those regions which lie behind Sloane Square for a perplexed ten minutes, I suddenly struck the trail of Bloomfield Studios, and shortly after made acquaintance with a large room of unusual size and loftiness. It had easels, draperies, half-finished sketches, "autographed celebrities," and all the usual picturesque predicament of an artist's work-room well evidenced. A dark, soldierly-looking man, well set up at all points, turned round as I came in.

"Is this a victim to caricature?" I wondered, "or the man himself?" and then, with an urbane and interviewing smile, "Mr. Leslie Ward, I believe?"

"Yes; I am he, and you have come to see the studio? Pray sit down, or rummage, just as you like."

"The latter, if I may be allowed; but you were much more my object than the studio, though it is palpably worth seeing. I was prepared to meet the prince of caricaturists; but here are evidences of everything else artistic as well."

"My special work rather keeps me at home than sends me away. It is the study of persons more than places, you see."

"And how do you grasp the personal situation? I have often felt curious as to whether your 'subjects' most loved or hated you for playing fast and loose with their peculiarities."

Mr. Ward laughed. "A few like it, and the majority don't very much mind, while others—well, the funniest letter I ever received was from a bookmaker, who felt hurt because I had drawn a jockey friend of his in a familiar posture. It was not exactly graceful, neither was the language in his friend's letter."

"Do you think that people realise their own oddities or mannerisms until they see themselves when you hold that mirror of yours to Nature?"

"Very often not, I think. I will tell you an odd case in point. The late Dean of Windsor was much addicted to wearing a certain

him, and when that number of the paper came out all Windsor realised the joke and laughed at Mr. Dean's hat, which, I shortly afterwards heard, was seen no more."

"I suppose you discovered this faculty in yourself very early?"

"Well, I used to take a brutal pleasure in caricaturing my school-fellows at Eton, I remember, and here is a 'family group' perpetrated when I was about eleven."

"But with such a strong artistic pedigree on both sides it was to be expected that you would naturally take to brush or pencil. Did you ever think of studying any other branch of art?"

"Oh, yes, or, at least, others thought of it for me; but it was not to be. I was sent to sit on a high stool in an architect's office at one time;



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. LESLIE WARD.



"CHARLEY'S AUNT."

"Spy's" Sketch of Mr. W. S. Penley in "*Vanity Fair*."

venerable hat of most eccentric appearance. It had a wide, soft brim, and being, no doubt, very comfortable, the Dean could never be persuaded to give it up. I was in Windsor at the time, and, happening to catch sight of him one morning in the identical hat, at once snatched the opportunity for a sketch. The Dean was walking in his garden, and had one side of the brim turned down to keep the wind off. It was quite large enough to be a shelter, and constantly used as such. So I 'took'

first to Sydney Smirke, R.A., and afterwards to Sir Edward Barry, R.A. It was the latter who, on finding I couldn't or wouldn't be an architect, persuaded my father to let me follow my natural bent; so after that I studied at the Royal Academy, and had a bust in the Burlington House Exhibition of the year when I was sixteen. I joined *Vanity Fair* twenty-three years ago, my first drawing being that of the late Professor Owen."

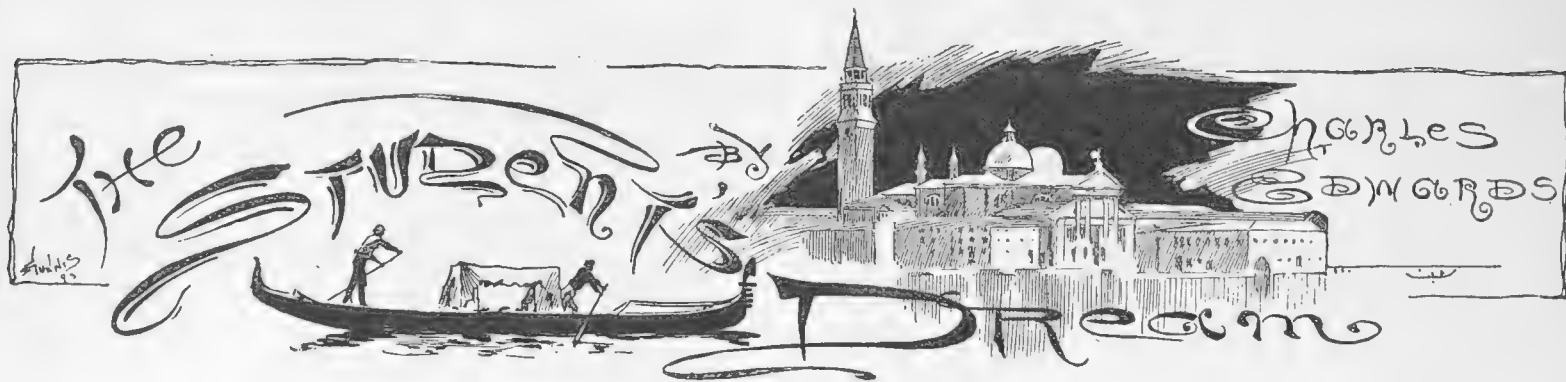
"This album looks tempting: may I open it?"

"Yes, but these drawings are only mine in part. I keep them as amusing mementoes of a pleasant cruise with the Duke of Edinburgh. We sometimes played 'Drawing Consequences' after dinner, and, as one or two other guests on the yacht were draughtsmen, these vagaries were the result. This head is mine, for instance, with the legs by somebody else."

"How would you caricature me," I could not help asking, "if I had happened to be distinguished?"

"I cannot see a flaw to hang a laugh on," said this polite citizen of the world, and there was not the remotest shadow of a smile on his face. This was gratifying, but it afterwards flashed on me that a strong point should accentuate itself—at which I felt depressed. The moral of a caricature is its tribute to individuality, and, "as such," it should be gratefully submitted to. For, whether one is endowed with a high-stepping nose or a modestly retiring forehead, it must be equally gratifying to have it placed on record by such a cunning pencil as that candid instrument of which "Spy" is so entirely master. M. B. C.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



Markham Forster had grown from a strange boy into an uncommon man. It was not wonderful. Unless a very strong curb be put on the youth with a tendency to eccentricity, he can hardly fail to become more and more abnormal as the years go by. And no such curb had constrained Markham into the path trodden by the multitude.

He had been the only son of a widow. With the almost unwise affection that women feel for the child born to them in the first year of wedded life, when the child's father has died ere the child's birth, Mrs. Forster had devoted herself to her boy with the most absolute and untiring love. She was a good woman, intelligent and able, and it seemed to her she could do as much for him as any preparatory school in the kingdom. When her relatives expostulated—ostensibly for her sake, but really for the boy's—she out-argued them. Markham was delicate. Of the ten doctors whom she had consulted about his various trivial ailments, one had hinted that he really was not so robust as Hercules. This gave his fond mother a handle, and so, because Markham was not quite a Hercules, she insisted on keeping him at the home nest. For his sake she learnt Latin and Greek to a certain extent, as well as much else.

Resident tutor, even when the boy got well into his teens, she would have none; but on different days of the week gentlemen—learned, respectively, in the classics, mathematics, English literature, and musical instruments—came to the old Manor House, and did what they could with the home-bred boy. And it was much, for Markham was clever and receptive, though not brilliant to look at, being rather stunted in stature, irregular in features, and so short-sighted that his spectacles were quite a part of him.

It was in the midst of this critical time of his life that Mrs. Forster took to her bed and died. She did not seem to mind death for its own sake, but was terrified and grieved beyond measure at having to leave the earth ere she had fully fledged her only son.

The blow to Markham was, of course, crushing. He was as sensitive a youth as from his upbringing he might have been expected to be. All the love of his nature had been concentrated upon his mother, even as all the residuum of her love had been given to him. And here was he at seventeen stranded in life, with no coherent hopes or aspirations, and only about a quarter educated.

His guardian took him in charge, and at once made a radical change in his life. This gentleman had no patience with home-bred boys. Markham was therefore packed off to a certificated crammer, who was to prepare him for the University. At the crammer's were six other youths, the majority destined for Sandhurst, if circumstances—that is, the examination papers—favoured them. It was a wild time for the disconsolate Markham. He was a woeful butt for the others. Yet, though he was palpably so much at their mercy, they could not worry him to the uttermost, because of his invincible good humour.

At eighteen he went to Balliol, and four years later he left it, after having been sententiously assured by the master and his tutor that he was a credit to the college. He had done pretty well from a scholastic point of view, but from all other standpoints his University career had been devoid of sensation. He had neither rowed, played cricket or football, ridden a horse or a bicycle, got drunk or lost money at cards, or, most wonderful of all, even fallen in love in the faintest degree.

A mere bookworm of the most contemptible kind he seemed to certain of his contemporaries. He knew how they regarded him, but he cared not. By this he had chosen his career. Instead of going into Parliament or founding a newspaper, as his guardian hoped he might, he meant to be a simple student. He proposed to burrow into the records of past deeds, rather than contribute very notably to the strong deeds of the present.

This it was, then, that brought him in Venice in his twenty-sixth year. He had got bitten by a zeal for exploration among the multitudinous archives in the Venetian State Library. Already he had immured himself in these chilly, whitewashed rooms for three years. The methodical racks and shelves of unedited manuscripts (tens of thousands in number) which lined the rooms had become sweetly familiar to him. Daily from ten to four he was in their midst, culling precious facts from them, and ever more and more conscious of the brevity of a single human life when a great work is in question. When he was not working in the Frari Library he was working in his own

rooms in the Palazzo Molinari, which looked by such fair, old, chiselled balconies upon the lustrous waters of the Grand Canal. And when he was neither working in the Palazzo nor in the library ten to one he was prowling about the malodorous alleys of the city, realising only too well the conditions of that Venetian mediaeval life which it was his aim and ambition to reproduce in printed words for the joy and instruction of mankind.

Of commonplace love and its attendant sensations and desires he knew nothing, absolutely nothing, until this particular May morning. And, worse still, he was thoroughly content in his monstrous ignorance.

But Cupid was now to be avenged.

He had come to the library, as usual, at five minutes past ten, with his portfolio of papers under his arm and the student's engrossed look upon his face. He had wished Signor Venuti, the chief librarian, a cordial "Good morning," and feebly acquiesced in the remark, "Yes, it is fine now, but there will be a storm by-and-bye, for I smell a *bora*." What was it to him if the *bora* blew a thousand miles to the hour? And then he had proceeded elatedly to the particular room the manuscripts of which were of his period. What rapture could life offer him to compare with that which he felt daily as he again recommenced the old labours which were so dear to him?

Surely none, he thought.

But at twenty minutes to eleven entered Mrs. Vanlyn, of Chicago, and her daughter Gwendoline, with a confused polyglot courier, whose chief business seemed to consist in bustling about before them, cap in hand, exclaiming, "This, my ladies, is ver' fine, ver' fine indeed! There is notink like it in the world, notink at all! And now we will go on to the next."

The ladies came in with a musical rustle of silk gowns and a perfume of violets. Led by the courier, they reached the particular room in which Markham Forster was at work.

"These," observed the courier, with a flourish of the hand towards the shelves, "are the old papers; they are ver' fine, ver' old indeed, my ladies. There are no papers so old in Venezia—perhaps not in all the world. You see, my ladies, they are yellow with being so old. And now, if you please, we will pass—"

But Markham had risen from his seat, flushed with wrath at this mendacious and brutally inadequate description of his beloved manuscripts, and he interposed himself between the courier and the door.

"That," he said with a smile, which suddenly froze on his lips as his eyes fastened upon Gwendoline Vanlyn, "strikes me as so miserably inadequate an account of these extraordinary archives that, if you will allow me, I will tell you something more definite about them."

"There is no time," began the courier, but Mrs. Vanlyn held up her hand.

"You are very kind, Sir," said the lady; "and really, you know, one would like to know more about the things than this gentleman seems able to tell us."

"He's a downright nincompoop!" ejaculated Miss Gwendoline. "Strikes me 'nincompoop's' a hard nut for him to crack."

It was, if the wrinkles on the courier's brow meant what they seemed to mean.

Markham had begun to tremble. He had never beheld such a pair of purple eyes as those which gazed so unrestrainedly at him. The delicate outline of cheeks and chin and the beauty of the well-formed lips, which could at a moment's notice part in a seducing smile,



Prowling about the malodorous alleys of the city.

displaying pretty white teeth and a dimple—all this and more was a quick revelation to the student. He could, if need were, have given an exact description of Bianca Capello and her beauty; but this flesh-and-blood presentment of a beautiful girl was an overwhelming novelty.

"Then," he stammered, as his eyes drooped before the girl's gaze, "you would like to know something about these manuscripts?"

"Very much, indeed. I suppose you are English?" inquired Mrs. Vanlyn, a pleasant smile irradiating her face as she fumbled at her gold glasses.

"Yes, I am English. You have no idea of the fascination of this place for me. Even Oxford is nothing to it."

"Then you are an Oxford man?" This from Miss Gwendoline, in whose eyes sparkled a smile of interest in his reply that thrilled Markham like an electric shock.

"Yes, I am a graduate of Oxford," he replied.

"But, say," interposed the girl, impetuously, "ain't it awful hard to get along with these I-talians—they are such a different lot of folks to us—the Americans and English, I mean, don't you know?"

Her intonation and accent jarred upon him, but only for a moment. That splendid, splendid face of hers would have excused her for iniquities

at this, the first slip of a compliment that had ever passed his lips to a woman.

"Couldn't I just—that's all? They told us you were pretty opulent—rich, don't you know, as well as a smart student—a regular coming man in the book line."

"Oh, I fear——"

A rather sad smile had come to him upon this reference to his wealth.

"Of Dix Hall, are you not, Mr. Forster?" asked Mrs. Vanlyn sweetly, again interrupting him.

"Yes; that is my place. But, really, Madame, I have not been of the least use to you yet. These folios here are the diaries of Sanudo, who lived——"

"Say, Mr. Forster," said Miss Gwendoline, "I guess it don't matter. We don't really care a cent's worth of candy for all these dead-and-gone coons. It'd be fine and educating to have you with us all through this country; but we'd never stand much of it, I guess. Thanks ever so much, all the same."

Now, this was not at all a pretty speech; but Markham, who had followed it with his eyes as it came from those divine little lips, and whose understanding was deaf to it, had no fault to find with it.

"You are, perhaps, right," he said.

"It is just possible, too, that I should be tiresomely prolix."

"Well, anyway, Gwendoline, we mustn't detain Mr. Forster from his studies any longer," said Mrs. Vanlyn. "Here, Mr. Forster, is my card. We're at the Victoria, and I do assure you we'd be fine and obliged if you'd drop in upon us."

"I shall be enchanted," said the happy Markham, as he took the card reverentially.

"And we're awfully obliged to you, don't you know," added Miss Gwen.

Then they shook hands, Markham half-terrified, lest his heart's beating should be audible. What joy to him to hold for one second this glorious being's hand in his!

The courier smiled in a patronising way upon the student as the ladies bowed.

"What a sight he is, little mamma, isn't he?" said Miss Gwen, when they had left the room. "It's an awful sell that great men are such frights, most often!"

Mrs. Vanlyn laughed airily.

"Anyway, Gwendoline, he has a better opinion of you. I never did see a young man so absurdly flabbergasted. He ought to be amusing."

II.

The Vanlyns, Markham learnt the following day, had only three days more in Venice. They were giving all the large cities of Europe south of the Baltic a brief turn of their society.

"When we've done them all, Mr. Forster," said Mrs. Vanlyn, "we shall utter our 'Oh, be joyful,' and be off back to the States."

"And you too, Miss Vanlyn?" asked Markham, turning to Gwendoline. "Shall you be so glad to see the last of us?"

This was after an hour's conversation, in which he had astonished himself no less than the ladies by his fluency. It was a fluency born of passion. He could face those beautiful eyes now without flinching, and—happy thought!—even fancied that as he gained in strength and self-assertion they gave way to him.

"No," replied the girl. "I freely admit I've taken a fancy to Europe. It's a kind of defect in me, Mr. Forster, perhaps; but I do really, you know, think I could love these old-time places and things, don't you know. There's nothing so lovely to me as your British country-houses, with their old gables and grass like velvet. Is Dix Hall that sort?"

"It is old, certainly, but we cannot claim to have any gables. Besides, our turf is rather ragged. I'm afraid it is getting sadly neglected during my absence."

"Why don't you go back to it, then? You're a puzzle to me. To think of a fellow with a lot of money losing his eyesight and getting a crooked back——"

"Gwendoline, dear, that's a bit rude," observed Mrs. Vanlyn, frowning prettily.

"Of course, Mr. Forster, I didn't mean that you really have a crooked back. Only it's the way to get one, I expect, and men ought, to my mind, to be fine and straight. They've no call to write books at all that I can see. That's woman's work."

"You don't think that?" exclaimed poor Markham, feeling as if he had been stabbed.



"You are very kind, Sir," said the lady.

of grammar and pronunciation fit to make Lindley Murray turn in his grave.

"I think," he said, and his lips trembled as he again dared to look at her eye to eye, "that the Venetians are very much like people elsewhere. They are human beings, and as such they resemble you and me and all others of our race in a measure. But they are Venetians, and therefore, of necessity, they possess qualities which differentiate them from the inhabitants, let us say, of New York and London."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Miss Gwendoline.

"You have put it awfully well, Mr.——"

"My name is Forster," observed Markham, and with a sense that he was sinfully audacious he offered Mrs. Vanlyn a card from his case.

"Mr. Markham Forster!" cried that lady. "Well, I never did!"

"Are you *the* Markham Forster?" Yet again the interest in the girl's eyes as she asked this question shook the young man from head to foot.

"I don't know what you infer by inquiring with such flattering invidiousness," he murmured. "But if you mean, 'Am I the only Markham Forster in Venice, to the best of my belief?' I must answer I am."

"There, then, Gwendoline. I do call this good fortune." Mrs. Vanlyn rubbed her gloved palms together and emitted another sweet whiff of violets.

"They told us about you, don't you know, in Chicago—an awfully promising young student, and—and—oh, but I guess I won't be rude."

"I doubt if you could be that," whispered Markham, blushing hard

"But I do," was the quick reply. "Ain't you of my opinion, mamma?"

"Well, I won't say all that, Gwen. But I do agree with her, Mr. Forster, that it seems a downright pity you should be wasting your beautiful youth in that hole of a place, when you might be enjoying yourself like other rich young men."

"And how do other rich young men enjoy themselves?" He put the question to Mrs. Vanlyn, but his eyes immediately afterwards reverted to Gwendoline.

"For one thing, Mr. Forster, in devoting themselves to their lady acquaintances," replied Mrs. Vanlyn.

"That's so, little mother," said Gwendoline, nodding approval in the sweetest manner.

Markham smiled strangely.

"I fear I am frightfully ignorant," he murmured, "of the whole duty of the rich young man. But we human beings are very adaptable creatures, and if I might rely upon—"

He stopped to pick up his spectacles, which had slid from his nose. The words that were rattling from his tongue were incredibly bold. He quivered as he began them, and it was this quiver which disturbed the equilibrium of his glasses. When he had reinstated the things he stopped. His self-possession had suddenly departed.

But Mrs. Vanlyn came to his rescue.

"Do you mean you'd like to start with Gwen and me?" she inquired affably. "If so, I'm sure I, for one, won't baulk you. To-day's Wednesday. Well, we'll hang on here till Saturday. Then we're bound to get off to Florence. That's three days. Well, three energetic persons can do a deal in three days. The world was made in about seven, you know. It's a poor thing if in half the time we can't improve our minds somewhat. Am I right, Mr. Forster?"

"Dear Mrs. Vanlyn," exclaimed Markham, eagerly, "you express my thoughts precisely. I ask for no greater pleasure than to be your cicerone in dear old Venice."

"That," said Gwendoline, with what seemed to poor Markham a special glance of sympathy, "is capital, and, Mr. Forster, if you don't mind, we'll begin by having an hour in a gondola this very evening—you and me alone, don't you know. You're not to think of joining"—"jining," she said—"us, little mother; it wouldn't be a bit romantic then. And we'll have that fellow with the nightingale's voice—what's his name, Angelo Perticari?—to sing to us from behind, while we lie in the cabin. Oh, it'll be real sweet, and I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Forster, for mentioning it."

Had he dared, Markham would have reminded the girl that he had not presumed to mention such an experience as possible for him even in imagination only. But his heart was all in a flutter. That he should be chosen by this divinity among women for her companion in the sweet pleasure of a Venetian evening, in a gondola, drifting in a pool of moonlight, with the ensnaring melodies of Venetian tongues in his ears, while Gwendoline's eyes sparkled across to him in the semi-obscure of their cabin!

"It shall be just as you please," he said; "and if your mother sees no objection—"

"In your gondoling? Oh, indeed, I don't. I was younger than I am myself once, and I know all about it. I'll be up at the balcony of our window, watching you and listening to the music."

This from the elder lady. Markham could have hugged her, if he could first have been audacious enough to ask her permission for such a testimony of regard, and had obtained such permission.

On this understanding they parted. He was to dine with the ladies at the *table d'hôte*. Afterwards he would see if he could bear with composure this deluge of rapture.

It was, in truth, a wonderful evening. Gwendoline did not spare him. She threw dart after dart into his only too susceptible heart. Her eyes gleamed large in the sweet twilight of the cabin as they drifted slowly past Venice's palaces, all gracefully transfigured by the Venetian moon. Once she sat up when the songster Angelo, who had the oar, was warbling her favourite air.

"Say," she ejaculated, "do let me hold your hand through that. It's too perfectly sweet, isn't it? I must grip on to something, or I feel sure I shall dissolve in bliss, don't you know?"

Markham gave her his hand in silence. His happiness was complete. Each time she pressed his palm—when the melody of the song was most emotional—he was ready to cry out with ecstasy. In his heart he mocked his past life as a student. Now, for the first time, he was tasting the real joys of existence, and how exquisite they were!

Gwendoline did nearly all the talking on this ever-memorable evening. It was light, spasmodic talk of an ejaculatory kind. Had Markham cared to be critical, he might have remarked that not once did the girl say a word indicative of tenderness towards her companion. It was the beauty of the lamp-lit water, the sheeny palaces, the stars, the songs, and the mandoline music from their own boat and other boats, and the charm of their stealthy movement—these were the things that evoked her admiration. But Markham, somehow, appropriated a part of her joy to himself. Thus, when they had been afloat an hour and a half, and had been set on shore at the Hôtel Victoria steps, in response to a casual remark in which Mrs. Vanlyn hoped he had not been bored, he exclaimed with equal truth and fervour, "It's the happiest evening I ever spent."

For an instant Gwendoline seemed to be looking him through and through as she shook aside her mantle with the white swan's-down lining.

"There's one weak point about you, Mr. Forster," she then observed. "Do you know, I was dying for a weed on the water just now?"

"A weed! What sort of a weed, Miss Vanlyn?" asked Markham.

"The Virginian weed, commonly known as tobacco. You don't smoke. I can't, as a rule, endure men who don't smoke. I guess there are exceptions, don't you know, but it seems to me that your tobacco-hating man is only about half civilised. Don't you ever smoke, Mr. Forster?"

"Hitherto I have never tried the habit," began the unfortunate young student. But he was interrupted by a peal of laughter from Miss Gwendoline.

"I'm awfully sorry, don't you know," said the girl when she had recovered composure. "But you did say it so oddly. Anyone would suppose you were quite willing to 'cultivate the habit,' or any other habit, just to give me satisfaction."

"They would suppose the whole truth, then," rejoined Markham, trembling from head to foot.

But the girl acknowledged this confession of soul with merely a gay nod, the shadow of a smile, and the words—

"Thanks, Mr. Forster—that's rare and nice of you."

It seemed to Markham that he trod on air when, towards ten o'clock, he made his adieux, and was implored by both ladies not to fail to call for them, "with a lovely gondola," the next morning, for a round of church visiting.

III.

Before fulfilling this engagement on the Thursday, however, Markham went to the once-loved library again. The place had suddenly grown stale and unprofitable to him. He thought of it much as one may imagine a woman who is a mother recalls her dolls as a girl.

"I do not think, Signor Venuti," he said to the urbane, bearded librarian, "that you will see me here again. I am changing my manner of life."

The librarian expostulated.

"Is it not such a pity, when you have worked so hard, and, I say it in all sincerity, achieved such results? Will you not put the weather-cock on the literary palace which your most praiseworthy industry, Signor, has erected?"

Markham laughed.

"What flattery!" he said. "But, indeed, I think you have seen the last of me, Signor Venuti, and so I wish to thank you most cordially for your many civilities, which I hope never to forget."

"Then, Mr. Forster, you are serious?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, well, good-bye to you, Sir. I am vexed, very. Yet still I hope. Be true to your first love, Mr. Forster; it is, after all, the most comfortable one."

"God willing," said Markham to himself, "I will be true to my first love," and he went away with his papers, muttering "Gwendoline, Gwendoline."

At the close of this day, also, the young man returned to his rooms in the Palazzo Molinari, content with himself and life. He fancied he had gained way in the girl's heart, as he certainly had in her mother's esteem, by the proofs he had given of his amazing intimacy with historical Venice. There was not a church they visited about which he had not something interesting to tell them not to be found in Murray or Baedeker.

If only Gwendoline could have seen him at eleven o'clock on this Thursday night smoking his first cigarette—to please her—what would she not have said? He did not enjoy it, and ere it was a third consumed he threw it into the canal, where it died with a hiss. But, at any rate, it was a proof of love of which not all young men would have been capable.

Friday was the last day of this rare intercourse. Naturally, poor Markham, carried off on the wings of fancy, thought he might be allowed to follow the Vanlyns to Florence. He meant, however, to try on this, their last day in Venice, if his dream of the future was really to get verified.

They rowed out to Murano, both the ladies and himself. He told them about Titian's supper parties on this little island and much else. But whenever he spoke his eyes were upon Gwendoline, and their brightness was remarkable even through his glasses.

But towards the afternoon the weather grew suddenly sultry, and it behaved them to hurry home to escape the threatened thunderstorm.

For the coolness' sake they had discarded the cover to their gondola. Mrs. Vanlyn went fast asleep. The gentle swaying to and fro made Gwendoline also drowsy. She yawned twice or thrice. At last she blocked the somewhat tiresome stream of information with which poor Markham was eagerly deluging her with the fateful words—

"I suppose, after to-morrow, Mr. Forster, we'll never be seeing you again?"

She said it almost in a tone of relief.

"Oh, indeed, I hope differently," he retorted. Then, casting a quick glance at Mrs. Vanlyn, he sped straight to the point.

"Miss Gwendoline," he whispered, "do you know you have captured my heart for ever?"

The girl turned upon him.

"Serious or joking?" she inquired.

"Can you ask? My dear Miss Gwendoline, you shot into my poor, dull life like some angelic meteor. Tell me, can I hope to keep this sweet meteor all my days?"

"Goodness, Mr. Forster!" exclaimed the girl, "I'd no idea—I really hadn't—things had gone so far with you! I hope you'll do me the justice not to think I've been pricking you on to it. I do hate mere flirts, don't you know!"

Markham stared, and his heart ceased beating for an instant.

"Do you mean——" he began.

But the girl interrupted him.

"Look here, Mr. Forster, it's impossible, you know, me and you marrying, if that's what you want. I guess I've been booked some



"That," murmured the young lady, "makes the fifth in two months, little mother."

time. There's a cousin in Chicago who has first claim, don't you know, and, unless anything happens, the ceremony'll be in November next. Do you see?"

"Thank you; I see," was the tremulous reply.

"You can't say I flirted, now, can you?" asked the girl, making his heart ache by the intensity of the light in her beautiful eyes.

"It is the last thing I should wish to say."

"And we've had a good time, Mr. Forster, a downright good time. The things you've told us about those old Venetians, don't you know, are almost past belief—they really are; but I mean to remember and believe them all, just for your sake."

"Thank you," said Markham.

When the gondola had reached the Hôtel Victoria landing-stage, Mrs. Vanlyn was aroused, and the ladies stepped out. Markham extended his hand—

"I think I will ask him to put me down at my place," he murmured, avoiding Gwendoline's eyes.

"You never mean that you're going to desert us at the last moment?" exclaimed Mrs. Vanlyn. "Why, what has happened?"

"Nothing that need trouble you, Mrs. Vanlyn," murmured poor Markham. "I think, if you please, I will ask you to excuse me."

The lady glanced at her daughter, then gave the young man her hand.

"And I wish you both the utmost possible happiness in the future, and, and—good-bye," he stammered finally, as he touched Miss Vanlyn's fingers and stepped into the boat.

"That," murmured the young lady, when they had seen the gondolier impel his craft a few yards, "makes the fifth in two months, little mother."

"Poor little butterfly!"

"Do you mean me, mamma?" asked Miss Vanlyn, with naïve affectation.

"No, I mean him."

The next morning, just as Mrs. Vanlyn, her daughter, and ten large travelling trunks were being heaped into a pair of gondolas to be conveyed to the railway station, Markham entered the Frari Library, with portfolio and the old look of absorption—slightly aged.

"Good morning, Signor Venuti," he said, with a slight blush; "you see I have changed my mind."

"And I am charmed to see it, Signor," retorted the librarian. "One must, I repeat, if one desires comfort, be true to one's first love. It is a maxim."

"Yes, yes," murmured poor Markham, wincing, "I will be true to my first love."

CHARLES EDWARDES.

Miss Sophie Tyler, who took the part of Aline in "The Sorcerer" at the recent performance at the Central Foundation School of London for Girls, is the daughter of Major Spencer Tyler, and not of the Lord Mayor, as stated in our issue of Dec. 27.

Mr. Percy Wood, of Queen Anne Street, W., received a large circle of friends and critics last week to view his bust of the late Professor Tyndall, executed from a cast taken after death by the express permission of Mrs. Tyndall. The work was much admired, and was declared to be an admirable likeness.

MISS MAGGIE ROBERTS.

Miss Maggie Roberts, now playing the part of the Hon. Ethel Sportington in "Morocco Bound," is an actress specially equipped by nature and by her art to come to the very front of her profession. She was grounded in the excellent preparatory school to professional histrionism of Rivière's Amateur Company at Llandudno, appearing as Yum Yum in "The Mikado," Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance," and Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore." In these parts her charming soprano voice was much admired, while her success on a hundred concert platforms—inclusive of appearances at several Eisteddfodau, where she displayed the excellence of her vocal gifts in the oratorios of "Elijah," "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "The Rose of Sharon"—won her a reputation so universal in North Wales as to warrant her facing critical London audiences. Beginning as understudy to Miss Wadham in "Paul Jones," she succeeded Miss Marion Hood in the title-role of "Joan of Arc," in the opera version of that play at the Gaiety. Mounting higher, she appeared next as Blue-Eyed Susan, then she added to her laurels as the soprano in "Donna Luisa" so unmistakably as to receive a general retainer as "walking understudy," a term applied to artistes who are specially engaged to act as deputy to chief rôles. But it was while she was playing in "The Snowstorm," a pretty little piece which preceded "Cinder-Ellen" at the Gaiety, that her first real opportunity presented itself, and with the hour came the actress to meet it, for in consequence of Miss St. John's sudden indisposition Miss Roberts was put on at a few hours' notice to take her part in "In Town," and she at once proved herself so capable as to induce the management to retain her for the remainder of the metropolitan run, as well as for the provincial tour of twelve months following. Little wonder, then, that the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre engaged Miss Roberts to occupy Miss Violet Cameron's rôle in "Morocco Bound." Indeed, the part, small as it is, as compared with her capabilities, "fits her like a glove." To satisfy librettist and composer is no easy task, but they tell us that she fills their cup of contentment to the brim. If you will, Dr. Carr is biased by the fact that Miss Maggie Roberts has rendered his music on other occasions entirely to his satisfaction. Anyhow, her diffidence and her unaffected



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ROBERTS AS THE HON. ETHEL SPORTINGTON IN "MOROCCO BOUND."

genial-temperament-have-made-Miss-Roberts-a-general-favourite-in-the company, to whom she acknowledges a debt of gratitude for a kindly welcome in their midst since October last, while she ascribes the greater part of her success to the encouragement given her by the manager.



LADY RAINCLIFFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. D. BRIGHAM, SCARBOROUGH.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

An artistic *tour de force*, if ever there was one, is Mr. T. B. Hardy's charcoal sketch, which we reproduce. It was done two or three Saturdays ago at the convivial gathering which weekly assembles at the Savage Club. Mr. Hardy, who is the father of one whose clever art is seldom absent from the pages of *The Sketch*, accomplished the feat of making a picture, measuring six feet by four, after the famous subject of Mr. Logsdail's Academy canvas, entitled "The Pool of London." The charcoal sketch, done with such lightning rapidity, excited great admiration, and on being put up to auction was sold to Mr. W. S. Penley, for a Masonic charity, for twenty guineas.

The National Gallery has acquired new riches, in the shape of a sea-scape by Claude Joseph Vernet, "A Mediterranean Seaport," which now hangs in Room XIV. The picture is the gift of Mrs. Parrat, and represents, in the middle distance, two Dutch war-ships that have just arrived in harbour. The ship to the left is full in sight, taking in her sails; a lighthouse and a crowd of spectators standing on a jetty partly conceal the other from view. In the foreground men are fixing a sail. A few incidental figures complete the picture, which, for colouring and light—the time is, apparently, about sunset—is very remarkable, and, indeed, singularly beautiful.

L'Italia Artistica ed Industriale, a monthly publication, of which we have received the first parts, merits favourable notice. Its editors, at Rome (A. Malcotti and Son, 23, Via Principe Amedeo), aided by many contributors, provide critical essays and comments, of some literary force, upon works of fine art, old and new, in painting, sculpture, architecture, and decoration, belonging to Italy, and upon great manufacturing establishments in that country. These subjects are displayed by plates of large size, the whole being printed in handsome folio pages, with many smaller illustrations. Practical utility and artistic beauty are judiciously combined in the choice of contents.

Christmas has come and gone, bringing us nearer to the exhibitions of the spring, the blossoming time of the artist's display; and Christmas itself is an occasion for art. The busy pencils of the artists whose task it is to provide humour and sentiment for a public thirsting after festival and exceptional entertainment have not been slack this year. To select would, of course, be invidious; but the merit of achievement has not fallen beneath a good average.

The season reminds one of the opportunity which many artists have found in Christmas for the subject of their art. A trifle of a few hundred years ago,



TYROLER.—HANS WATZEK.
Exhibited at the Photographie Salon, Dudley Gallery.



THE POOL OF LONDON.
A Charcoal Sketch by Mr. T. B. Hardy, after Mr. W. Logsdail's well-known picture.

medieval art chose to concern itself almost entirely—so far as Italy is to be reckoned with—about the Madonna and Child. It was Raphael's favoured and chosen subject, and the Madonna and Child always suggest the present season, even though the actual realism of the birth of Christ is wanting.

Yet there are sufficient quantities of canvases representing the actual occasion of birth. It was, one can easily perceive, too picturesque

a creature of about five months, more or less intelligent, and with beautifully regular features. The real baby of a day old is an infinitely frail and pathetic object, helpless, irregular, and utterly dependent, with a character nowhere save in the back. Von Uhde is one of the few painters that have realised this vital fact.

This need not lead one to a general discussion of Von Uhde's point of view, which often leads him to splendid achievement, sometimes to



A POSTER: SARAH BERNHARDT AS JEANNE D'ARC.—E. GRASSET.
Exhibited by the French Artists in Decorative Art, Grafton Galleries.

an opportunity to be foregone by artists, who, being religious, were nevertheless desirous of subjects not unworthy of their skill. The National Gallery itself is a standing example of this. Modern artists have, however, allowed the subject the privilege of disuse for the most part. One recalls few recent pictures in this connection, save those of Fritz von Uhde and Marianne Stokes.

Von Uhde's picture is, in its way, a masterpiece. The extraordinary truth of the thing, as though the artist was resolved to accomplish sincerity even at the expense of picturesqueness, is an achievement to marvel at. Von Uhde has also managed to paint that which so few painters are ever able to effect, a genuine new-born baby. The youth of a new-born baby is ever the rock upon which the barque of your commonplace painter splits. To him there is nothing younger than



A POSTER: "ENCRE L. MARQUET."—E. GRASSET.
Exhibited by the French Artists in Decorative Art, Grafton Galleries.

gaucheries of which your less gifted and more adaptable middle-class artist would be utterly ashamed. In his picture of the birth of Christ, however—if we remember aright, a work painted upon panels—he has realised the better inspirations of his extraordinary genius. The subject is a pathetic rather than a triumphant one, and it is this version which he has contrived to interpret. The picture by Mrs. Stokes is



A SCREEN: PEACOCKS AND FLOWERS.—G. LAFITTE.
Exhibited by the French Artists in Decorative Art, Grafton Galleries.



HAWKING: A PAINTING ON CANVAS WITH A TAPESTRY GRAIN.—E. COURBOIN.
Exhibited by the French Artists in Decorative Art, Grafton Galleries.

a wonderful little achievement in technique, but the Madonna is wantonly ugly. Probability may be one thing, but art is another, and we are not even aware that Mrs. Stokes has probability for her justification.

Three talented men combine to make a new work, entitled "Wild Flowers in Art and Nature," which Mr. Edward Arnold is issuing in six monthly parts, extremely interesting and helpful to art students and

There is a good deal of modern work, or comparatively modern work, scattered up and down these rare Old Masters—one room is exclusively devoted the work of the late Mr. John Pettie, R.A.—and we cannot conscientiously declare that the modern comes off even with fair success. The work of Fred Walker seems niggled and laborious among these examples of Sir Joshua and others, while it positively requires a special and isolated visit to the Pettie room before its qualities can candidly be appreciated—a point at which, for the moment, we must leave the exhibition.

The *Studio* maintains, and even adds to, its reputation. The last number contains an interesting talk with Mr. H. H. Hay Cameron, that clever son of a very talented mother, as to his artistic triumphs in photography. The reproductions which illustrate the article are thoroughly representative of the Cameron studio. "I always endeavour to make the sitter the sole attraction, and to bring out the personality of the subject without losing the composition, which is so essential," is Mr. Cameron's reason for a plain background. There is much information in a paper dealing with the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, with examples of the work of the students. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's sketch for his portrait of Miss Emma Froude at the New English Art Club is decidedly excellent. The designs for a poster for the *Studio* show how many clever artists have taken the trouble to compete.



WHITBY ABBEY AND CHURCH.—ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, Old Bond Street, W.

all lovers of flowers. The coloured plates in the first part of forget-me-nots, heather, iris, and hawthorn are as beautiful examples of accurate representation by Mr. H. G. Moon as could well be imagined. Each of them is worth framing. Professor J. C. L. Sparkes, Principal of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, gives advice as to how these plates could be copied successfully, and Mr. Burbridge adds botanical details and legends concerning the flowers.

We can give only a general view this week of the excellent collection now on view of Old Masters at Burlington House. That of the New Gallery must wait for yet another week. Of the first there is this to say, that, unequal as it is, it nevertheless gives us another surprise to find that the country possesses so many extraordinary works of merit, which have even yet been unexhausted by the calls of these winter exhibitions. The Sir Joshuas and the Van Hooghes alone would do sufficient honour to the walls of Burlington House; but the wealth of other masters, English, Dutch, and Early Italian, is surprising and engrossing indeed. Here are well-nigh incomparable Gainsboroughs, three or four splendid Van Dycks, a most impressive Cuyp, one or two dignified Veroneses, and many another to enslave the eye for more than many moments.

Of the Sir Joshuas—many of which, alas! are incredibly faded—we must not be thought singular in selecting an exquisite example of warm flesh-painting, "Venus Disarming Cupid." The character of the thing, too, is so refined and so keenly artistic that it has about it something irresistible. Among the Van Hooghes the most astonishing and captivating is a certain Dutch garden scene. The light is rendered with a faithfulness, and yet with a breadth of treatment, that are more than pleasing; while this kind of treatment, so common to the Dutch at their best, of detail in the broad, is carried to a height of achievement that can scarcely be surpassed.

The January number of the *Art Journal* has for its frontispiece an admirable etching by C. O. Murray after L. Alma-Tadema's "A Silent Greeting." Most readers will turn at once to read what Mr. Frederick Wedmore has to say about "My few things." If only interviews could take the delightful form which this article has in describing the interesting personal possessions of notable folks, they would have a value and charm instead of their present rather wearisome reiteration of questions. Mr. Wedmore gives what may be called, for want of a better word, an auto-interview concerning his artistic treasures, prefacing it with a modest apology, which is not required. Everyone will look forward to the redemption of his promise conveyed in the last line—"The sequel in another article."



SINBAD ENTERING THE CAVERN.—ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, Old Bond Street, W.



ROSALIND:—Come, woo me, woo me;—for now I am in a holiday-humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO: I would kiss before I spoke.—*As You Like It, Act iv., Scene 1*

LAFAYETTE'S IRISH BEAUTIES.

From Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



MISS BRAZIL.



MISS BRAZIL.



MISS TREVOR.



MISS WILSON.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.

"Come and dine with me," said Mrs. Stannard hospitably to the representative of *The Sketch* who sought her, "and after dinner we can have a chat." So one Friday afternoon we met at the pleasant "House Tea" of the Writers' Club, and when at last the merry party showed symptoms of breaking up, hailed a hansom and drove to St. John's Wood. On Clifton Hill Mr. and Mrs. Stannard had temporarily pitched their tent, their house at Merton being let. As our London gondola steered its way through the maze of thoroughfares that lie between Fleet Street and "the shady groves of the Evangelist," I asked Mrs. Stannard how her latest novel, "The Soul of the Bishop," was succeeding.

"Very well, indeed," she said; "it has gone into a second edition."

"Theology is quite a new departure for you. How was it that you turned your thoughts in that direction? I hope you have not left your dashing soldiers for good."

Mrs. Stannard laughed. "My mind was full of the subject," she said. "I wanted to show the difficulties that beset ordinary people in the Church of England. Instead of taking extraordinary and exceptional mental problems, I dealt with the very simplest, and the numerous letters that have reached me from all quarters, each saying, 'You have just stated my case,' show me I have voiced what many have felt."

"Well," I rejoined, "whatever her mental troubles may have been. I have no sympathy with your heroine. If Cecil Constable had been gifted with common sense she would have stifled her doubts and married that fascinating bishop."

While Mrs. Stannard defended Miss Constable's course of action, the cab arrived at our destination.

"Mother! mother!" cried children's voices as we made our way upstairs. Mrs. Stannard's youngsters, though in bed, were not asleep, but listening eagerly for her home-coming. Beatie and her little sister Betty, sitting up in their night-dresses, were all excitement as we entered. "Mother" was kissed a dozen times over, and then a visit was paid to their brother "Bootles," next door, a young man with a taste for art, whom we found attentively examining an old volume of *Punch*. One of these days the second girl, Betty, may follow in the maternal footsteps, for already she has developed in the nursery a pretty talent for narrative, and enthralls Beatie and Bootles by her tales of a wonderful clock that tucks up its legs and stands on its head.

Mrs. Stannard has considerable dramatic and mimetic gifts, as I discovered that evening while we dined. She told us of her experiences as a girl in Yorkshire, when district visiting among the poor—of once in particular, when she found a pretty young woman, apparently dying, with two so-called "nurses," the wives of neighbours, standing by her bed. "'Aw, Miss Palmer, dear! don't 'ee look bad?' they cried. 'Aw don't believe as iver she'll poss th' night. How are ye now, luv? Aw, Miss Palmer, she's goin' fast, poor dear. Who did ye say was t' have yer ring, luv? Is it Tilly? Aw'll see that she gets it, luv. Aw'm a mother meself.'" This curious example of tender care for the sick was followed by many others, all personal reminiscences, and Mrs. Stannard reproduced the dialect as only a north-countrywoman could.

"Where were you at school, Mrs. Stannard?" I asked later, when we sipped our coffee by the drawing-room fire, and Mr. Stannard had begged leave to light up a cigarette.

"At Miss Matterson's, Bootham House, York," said Mrs. Stannard; then, sinking her voice confidentially, she added, "I was a 'limb.' I had immense powers of observation—those powers that are so terrible in children—and plenty of wits, but always was a do-nothing. I had a taste for writing from a chick, but never could add. I was, and am, a dunce at sums."

"I don't suppose Miss Matterson encouraged you to write about soldiers. How did you come to make the military novel your speciality?"

"Well, my father was a soldier—an officer in the Royal Artillery—and, though later on he entered the Church, a soldier he remained to the end of his life. We lived close to the barracks, and always had a succession of military visitors: so, I suppose, in that way my tastes were formed."

"Your father was a Yorkshireman, was he not?"

"No, no; a west-countryman. He was the last heir of Roger Palmer, Lord Castlemaine."

"What! the husband of Barbara Palmer?"

"Yes; but Barbara Palmer was not our ancestress. We are descended from Roger's second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir H. Vaughan, cup-bearer to Charles I. My great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, was the most notable actress of her day—she has a monument in Westminster Abbey, next Shakspeare's. Her daughter married John Palmer, owner of the Bath Theatre, the inventor, or, at least, introducer, of stage-coaches. Their son, Captain William Vaughan Palmer, entered the Army, and was in Egypt, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. My mother's mother was of purely Irish descent."

"Had either of your parents literary talent?"

"My father wrote novels for the love of the thing. He was one of the most brilliant men possible, but, at the same time, intensely practical. He was quite the most popular parson in York and neighbourhood. My mother had a great love of romance, and as we went for walks when I was a child used to tell me whole novels she had read."

"When did you write your first published story?"

"Just twenty years ago—in April 1874, for a local paper. I made nothing by it, but got sufficient praise to induce me to continue. I love my work, and even doing stories to order is not pot-boiling with me, for I revel in writing; but when the story is once written I take no more interest in it."

"And your first book?"

"Was 'Cavalry Life.' It appeared when I was twenty-three, and I had gorgeous reviews. It came to be written in this way: *London Society* accepted a series of sketches. In 1877 my father died, and *London Society* published the first story in August, on the very day he was buried. When the series was complete the then editor agreed to bring it out in book form, and it was brought out by Chatto and Windus. He suggested that it should appear under a man's name, and advised me to choose one that sounded real, so I took 'John Strange Winter,' the name of the hero of one of the tales, 'An Ordeal by Paint.'"

"Et après?"

"Oh, after I wrote for an obscure magazine; but nothing will induce me to tell its name, for the proprietors are ignorant of my identity. If they knew, they would look up all my work and publish it in a volume. The

prospect is too dreadful. Previously I wrote a novel, 'Love's Influence,' for the *Family Herald*, a magazine I was on for nine years, writing during that time thirty-one supplements, six novels, and a number of short stories."

"That was pretty hard work."

"Yes; I was never lazy."

"And 'Bootles' Baby'?"

"That was written just ten years ago, a month before I met Arthur—with an affectionate nod of her head towards her husband, who sat on the other side of the hearth. "I sent it first to *Cornhill*; but Mr. James Payn said it had 'no backbone,' and remarked that 'ivy was very pretty, but it couldn't creep round nothing.' I tried seven editors in all, and met so many rebuffs that at last I offered to give 'Bootles' away to a novelist, but the offer was not accepted. Then I put it aside with a heap of other manuscript, and a little later came my marriage. One morning my husband was looking through a number of things I had written, when he came on 'Bootles' and liked it. 'There is merit in this,' he said, and then and there sent it off to the *Graphic*. It was accepted, and published six months later. While it was appearing as a serial Mr. Warne, the publisher, came down to the wilds of Fulham, where we were then living, to secure the book rights from me."



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MRS. STANNARD ("JOHN STRANGE WINTER").

"After that I suppose it was plain sailing. Do you not work a great deal?"

"Yes, sometimes till two in the morning, if I am keen on anything. To-day I worked for two hours and a-half, and did a whole short story of four thousand words. Within the last three months I have torn up a couple of stories and an article."

"Are you, then, so hard to satisfy as to the quality of your work?"

"Yes; I am an artist, and if what I write does not please me I'll have none of it. My great power is in my technique."

Mrs. Stannard then spoke of the assistance her husband had been to her in matters of business. He takes entire charge of her work, disposes of the copyrights, visits publishers, &c., on her behalf. To him, she is persuaded, a large measure of her success is due. His grandfather, she told me, first gave George Stephenson the idea of carrying a railway across Chat Moss, and carried it out under his direction. Mr. Stannard cherishes a peculiar horse-shoe of wood, large and flat like a snow-shoe, such as were made for horses employed on the Moss to carry the timber whereon the line was floated. Mr. Stannard, who is himself an engineer,

CARLYLE'S HOUSE AT CHELSEA.

Mr. Arthur Waugh has been writing to the *New York Critic* on the little house at Chelsea which used to be Carlyle's. "It is tenantless just now," he says, "and there is some talk of a public purchase of it, that the country may preserve to itself all that remains of the home of so much genius. So a good many people have awakened to interest in the matter, and the house has been put into the hands of a caretaker, whose day must be very near akin to that of the show proprietor at a country fair—bowing one audience out and another in from weary hour to hour. However, it was late in the day when we went to Chelsea; a grey autumn mist was on the narrow street, the stones were damp with a half-hearted drizzle, and the place looked very empty and gloomy. But the tired caretaker saw, I think, that we were really interested in what we had come to see, and, after beginning with a callous, sleepy air to pull up the dingy blinds in the ground-floor room, she waxed into something near enthusiasm. 'Remember Mr. Carlyle? To be sure—



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

MRS. STANNARD'S CHILDREN: BEAUFIE, BETTY, AND BOOTLES.

by stopping the down express, averted what would have been a terrible double accident on the Great Western line in 1876, had he not had pluck and presence of mind. The story his wife persuaded him to tell me of this adventure was deeply interesting, and I only regret being unable to give it here for lack of space.

"You write verses, do you not?" I asked Mrs. Stannard, who smilingly admitted the soft impeachment, and showed me, among others, some pretty lines of hers, beginning "We met, my love and I," that have been set to music by Tivadar Nachez.

"Is it true you are superstitious?" I ventured to inquire.

"Quite true. Don't you think most people are? For myself, I rejoice in black cats or in finding a horse-shoe. I believe in ghosts, and nothing could persuade me to wear a green gown."

"Green is so unbecoming."

"Oh, believe me, it is not a question of looks, but of luck—I will not tempt Fate."

"May I see your bracelet, Mrs. Stannard?"

"Certainly," and she handed for my inspection a collection of some thirty sixpences suspended from a chain. Each was the gift of a celebrity, and had one side smoothed, whereon the name of the donor was engraved. I noticed among them the souvenirs of Miss Braddon, Charles Wyndham, Irving, Toole, Ellen Terry, Mary Ansell, and Beatty-Kingston. It was now time to return home, so I rose and, with a word of praise for this ingenious keepsake, bade Mrs. Stannard "Good night."

she used to char for him. And a rough, uncivil old gentleman he was; wouldn't answer when one spoke to him.' Strange that it is always the evil that men do that lives after them so vividly! There were two rooms on the ground-floor, opening out of one another—a double dining-room, the front looking on the blank wall opposite, the back giving a glimpse of a dank, desolate-looking little garden. And it was here that Tennyson sat with Carlyle and talked by the hour of a Sunday evening; it was out of this narrow passage that he passed to the tune of Carlyle's rough voice, as they bade him 'God-speed' with 'Macpherson's Farewell.' The staircase, though in very poor repair, has a fine oak balustrade, and above are the bedrooms, of which the servant had distinctly the better choice. But above that, again, was the room we had really come to see. 'It was here as Mr. Carlyle wrote them books of his,' said the woman. A large, lofty garret, well lit by a skylight; on either side the fireplace bookshelves and cupboards let into the wall, the whole painted a uniform terra-cotta. On the doors of the bookshelves are pencil sketches—by whose hand drawn, I wonder?—a Rossetti-like woman, with bare breasts and long, flowing hair, and a roughly drawn outline of a man's head. We shivered as we passed out again into the darkening street—

A sense of mystery the spirit daunted:

it was as though we had been face to face with Death, and looked into the sightless eyes of Decay. But it was worth the melancholy."

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Haunted in truth, but how pleasantly! One does not expect to find a "Moated Grange" in Great Marlborough Street, nor is there a suspicion of Mariana about the alert and energetic present head of the famous house of Sebastian and Pierre Erard, Mr. Daniel Mayer, whose

name is a household word with lovers of music all over the world. No "sense of mystery the spirit daunted" as I passed the other day into the building which will be associated always with memories of great pianists, living and dead: Thalberg, the "gentlemanly"; Rubinstein, the forceful and irritable; Sophie Menter, Schöenberger, and Sapellnikoff; Abbé Liszt and the picturesque genius Paderewski.

A cherubic boy in buttons conveyed me with the energy of a steam-tug hauling in its wake a substantial coaler into a pleasant waiting-room, in which Paderewski in platinotype on the wall looked down on Paderewski in terra-



NAPOLEON THE FIRST'S PIANO.

cotta on the table: *toujours* Paderewski, dominating by virtue of his genius and his curiously interesting personality even a house haunted by the echoes of harmonies drawn from the literally "grand" pianos of Erard by the fingers of men and women who have written their names in imperishable music upon the tablets of Time.

No wonder that the first name again when Mr. Mayer had inducted me into an easy-chair in his private room was Paderewski.

"Yes," said the well-known *impresario*, in answer to my suggestion that he knew the Polish pianist as a man as well as a musician, "he is a most delightful fellow: so unaffected, so amiable, so witty, so loyal a friend. In his case it is a simple truism to talk of a magnetic personality."

"The stories of tearful women clasping his hands and all the emotional scenes in America and elsewhere were not exaggerated?"

"Not an atom; the truth is that he is irresistible."

"To what do you attribute his extraordinary influence as a pianist?"

"To his intensity. He throws his whole soul into his playing; hence the nervous exhaustion which follows each concert."

"Does M. Paderewski adopt any particular diet or habit to get into training, as it were, for his performances?"

"No, except that he is very moderate. Before a concert he eats practically nothing for many hours. If it is an afternoon performance he will take absolutely nothing until it is over; if he is playing in the evening, he will have just a very light lunch—a little fish and a glass or two of light wine."

"Does he smoke?"

"Cigarettes, almost incessantly. He can do without food, but not without cigarettes. Often when he was stopping here with me he would

sit down to the piano after dinner, perhaps about half-past nine, in order to enjoy perfect quiet, and would play on and on through the night till three or four in the morning, smoking cigarettes the whole time."

"And what is his favourite amusement?"

"Billiards. He never plays for money, but says that it is the only thing which really takes his mind from his piano. He was one of the finest pool



AN OLD-FASHIONED SPINET.

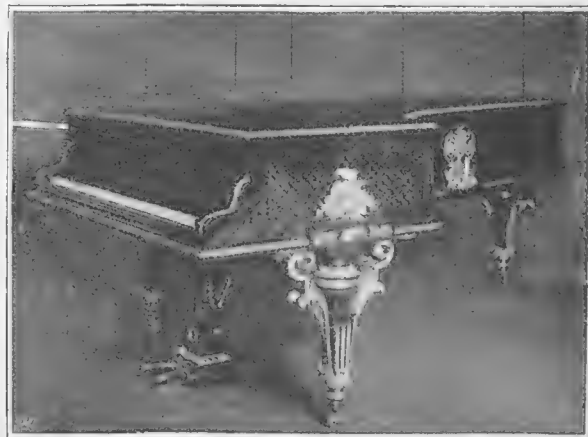
players in America, and now he is getting just as expert at the English game. Possibly his delicacy of touch helps him. It is this extreme sensitiveness which makes him wince when people shake his hand, as most do, clumsily: there ought to be a school for handshaking, for it is a barbarous practice unless it has been elevated into an art. Yet his exquisite delicacy of touch in playing is not due to any physical weakness, but rather to great strength, perfectly under control."

"I suppose M. Paderewski is very particular about the instrument which he uses?"

"Oh, yes. He simply will not play upon any other than an Erard, except in countries where tariff difficulties have prevented the introduction of those pianos."

"It is impossible to cavil at his taste," I replied, for by this time we were walking through the show-rooms, and I had touched a few of the instruments, and revelled in their soft, rich tone.

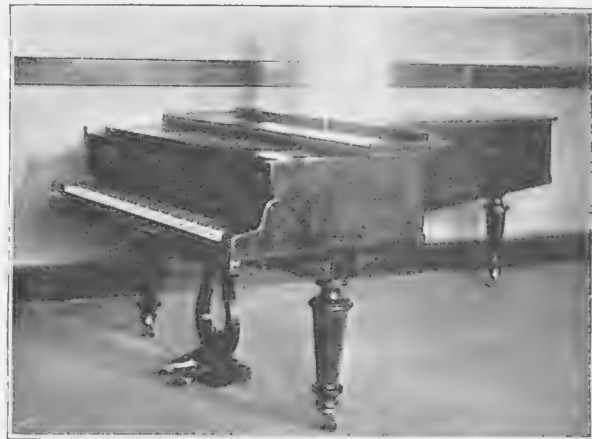
"I should like to show you one or two other interesting pianos," said Mr. Mayer. "Here, for instance, is a quite unique instrument," pointing out a handsome piano with mother-o'-pearl natural keys and tortoiseshell



PADEREWSKI'S PIANO.

sharps and flats. "This was made by Erard Frères in 1801 for Napoleon I. A peculiar feature of it is that it has five pedals—that is, in addition to the ordinary *piano* and *forte*, it has a pedal which gives a lute effect, another a zither, and a third which adds a drum and triangle effect. Here is another curiosity, a piano made by Erard Frères, the founders of the business, in 1788, on the spinet model, and here, again, a duplicate of a harpsichord which they made for poor Marie Antoinette."

"I notice that the Queen appreciates your pianos," I remarked, as I saw two or three handsome instruments bearing cards indicating their



RUBINSTEIN'S PIANO.

destination as "Winchester Tower," "Edward III. Tower," Windsor Castle, and so on.

"Oh, yes. We are just supplying several to the order of her Majesty. The Queen was taught upon an Erard by Mendelssohn as a girl, and she has remained constant to her first love ever since."

"This," said Mr. Mayer, turning to a Tudoresque piano with a most elaborately gilt front, "is the instrument which made our success at the Exhibition of 1855, and here," he added, "is one which I value very



ANOTHER PIANO OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

highly—the Rubinstein piano, upon which Anton Rubinstein played his own Concerto in G minor, the first time he appeared before an English audience, at the Philharmonic Society's concert on May 16, 1857."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



Phil May
93

"THEY DUNNO' WHERE THEY ARE."

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

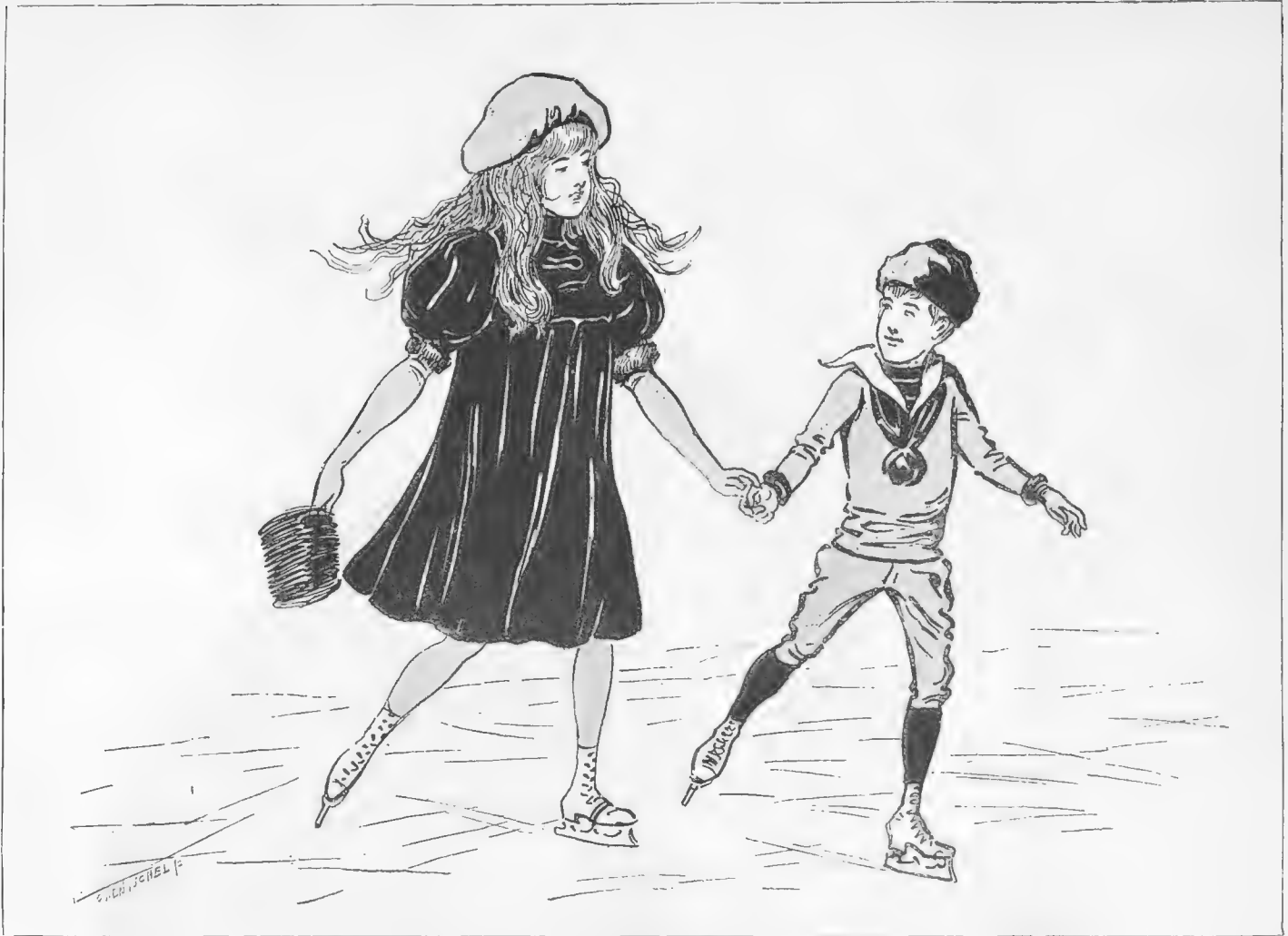


"GO AS YOU PLEASE" RACE.

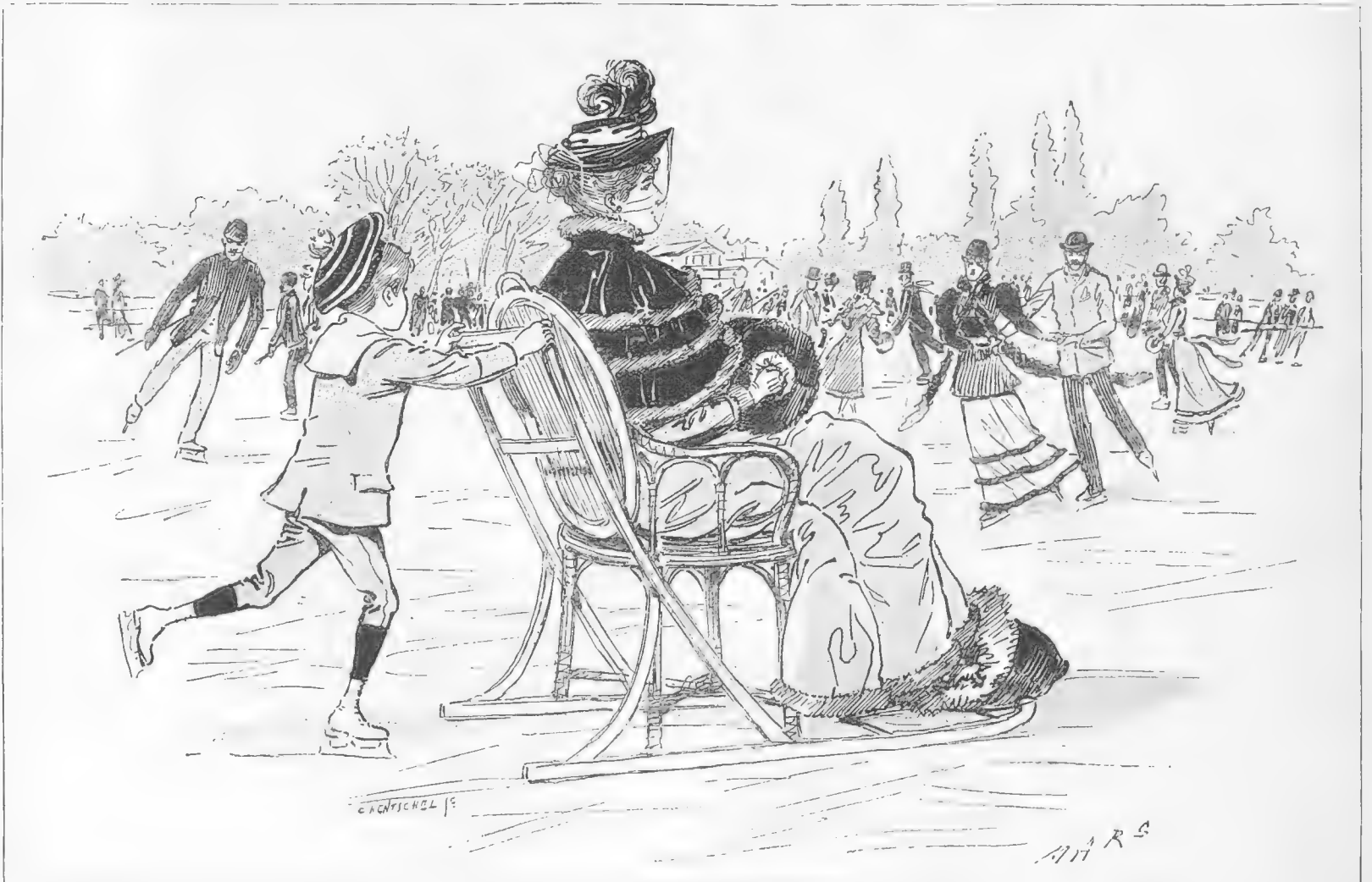


“ Well, my little man, why are you crying ? ”

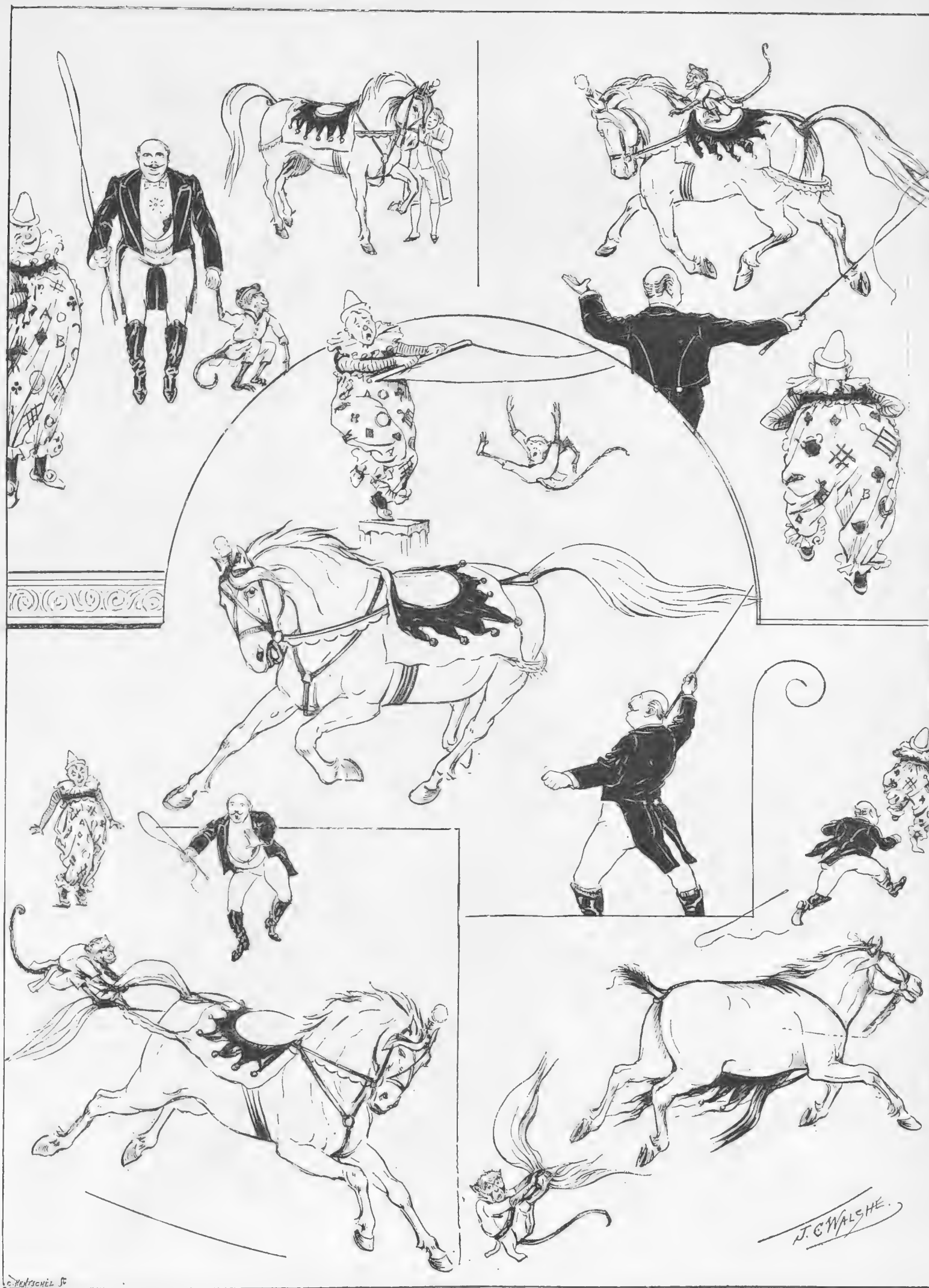
“ Wot’s that gotten to do wi’ ye, you old chump ? ”



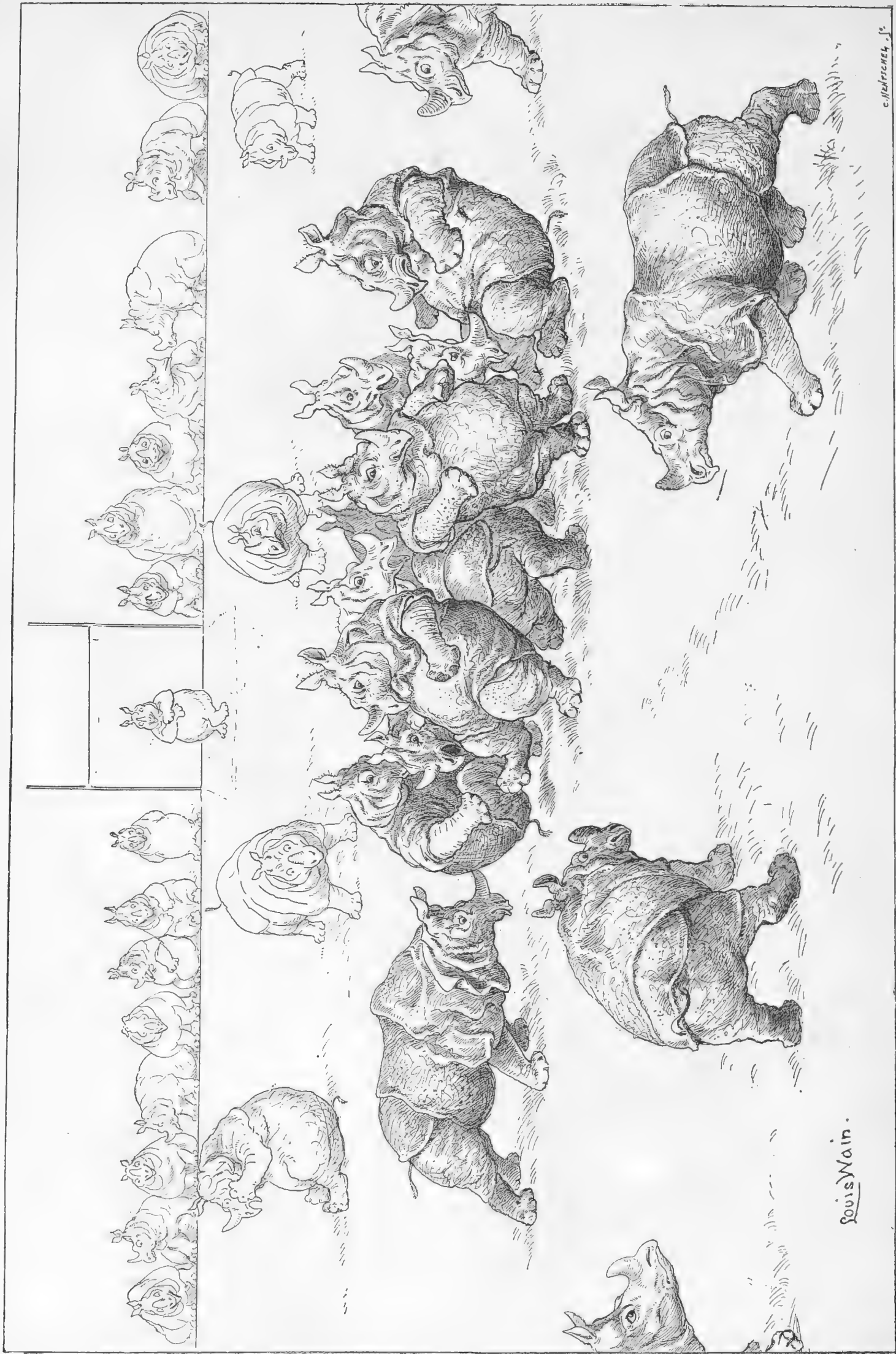
"LOOK HERE! LUCY, DON'T BE AFRAID; I'M HERE."



A PUSHING BOY.



A MOVING NARRATIVE; OR, A TALE OF "WHOA!"



A SCRIMMAGE.

"MADE IN NORWAY."

A TALK WITH MR. TRISTRAM ELLIS.

The destruction of Knightsbridge was predicted by all its residents when that site was first selected for the big barracks. Foreign soldiers could not have been more unwelcome than one of our own regiments.



Photo by Searle Brothers, Brompton Road, S.W.
MR. TRISTRAM ELLIS.

"Tommy, get away!" was on the lips of every householder in Rutland Gate, and the interests of the parlourmaid on her walks abroad were on every tongue. The long and now dingy line of these unwelcomed barracks faced me defiantly as I turned round after knocking at the Damascus knocker of No. 8, Trevor Terrace; but I had only a moment's reverie on the futility of human fears before the door opened, and I found myself ushered through hall and dining-room into the studio, lofty and long, of Mr. Tristram Ellis.

Mr. Tristram Ellis has cosmopolitan experiences as a painter. First he sketched in the Pyrenees, learning there the love of snow-mountains which Norway was later to yield to him; then, after a course in the Atelier Bonnat, he made a series of pictures in Cyprus—Cyprus, not of Cymon, but of Lord Wolseley, whose relics of his rule there include two water-colour drawings he bought from Mr. Tristram Ellis. The Euphrates Valley and the Holy Land were next visited, a trip of which Baroness Burdett-Coutts holds the most important souvenirs. Egypt was Mr. Ellis's next sketching-ground, and Sir Arthur Sullivan has a record of it on his walls. The watering-places of the English

Channel came next, to be followed by two trips to Constantinople and Athens, and then by a visit to the Crimea and a cruise in the Mediterranean. Finally, Norway was chosen by Mr. Tristram Ellis last year, and again this year for his summer jaunt, palette in hand; and this year he had the fortune to cross the path of a princess.

The artist was at Gudvangen when the Osborne arrived with the Princess of Wales and her two daughters on board. The Princess spent a delightful fortnight in Norway, but the artist, who has depicted so many of the places the royal party visited, lingered for two months. The result of his labours is to be seen in some fifty water-colour



The Osborne in the fjord.

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drawings that will be exhibited during this month at the Japanese Gallery, 28, New Bond Street. Before then the Princess of Wales will see them privately, and already one of the drawings is hers, having been presented to her by an old friend. Mr. Ellis, seated in the midst of portfolios, full of his latest trophies, had plenty to say in praise of Norway from a traveller's and from an artist's standpoint.

Artistically, what country could be more tempting to anyone accustomed to London fogs? As you go north, the day lengthens, and lengthens so gradually that you are hardly astonished on entering the Arctic Circle to see the sunset merge into the sunrise. "The Land of the Midnight Sun" itself was not visited by the Princess, who confined herself to South-Western Norway, where the scenery is most romantic, and where Christiania is, of all capitals in the world, the one she prefers. She likes its Dutch character and its red roofs. She likes, too, the costumes of the peasant women, though they are now, alas! worn only at weddings. The men, too, have dropped any distinctive national garb, sharing the opinion of Mr. Stevenson's rustic hero that fancy dress "is a thing to be ashamed of in a man." So the national knee breeches are giving way to common trousers.

In Christiania, by-the-way, the Princess had one favourite haunt—the tourist office and stores, kept by an Englishman, Bennett. Among his fascinating wares are many specimens of old Norwegian wood-carving—the mangles of the country, spinning-wheels, and beer-bowls, and oval fancy boxes; made monotonously, ever since the Vikings' times, during the long light nights. Her Royal Highness bought many curiosities, and talked about them with the vendor. It was news to her to be told, *à propos* of the stuffed capercaillie, that when that bird died out in Scotland it was reintroduced from Norway. The Princess was really permitted by the people to travel *incognito*, and she enjoyed the freedom. The fact that the Danish language is very nearly Norwegian—nearer than is Swedish, for instance—gave the Princess almost the sensation of being a native. At any rate, she spoke her national tongue, and was perfectly understood.

Asked whether he encountered any native celebrities during his stay in Norway, Mr. Ellis had plenty to say about Ibsen, whom he frequently met at the Grand Hotel at Christiania. There Ibsen dines every day—dinner is an early afternoon meal in Norway. He has a table to himself, and rarely speaks to anybody; but visitors feel that there is an aged playwright among them taking notes. At eight he is at the hotel again for supper. He is rather particular about his meals, otherwise he would probably take them at home, for the Norwegians have not adopted *café* life in Parisian fulness. Ibsen's wife is alive, but the visitor does not see them together. Ibsen has the homage of his countrymen. According to a story told in Christiania, where he has lately been living, a special train was provided when he wanted to despatch to a distance the manuscript of one of his plays. Ibsen, as seen by an artist's observing eyes, is a little, stout man, with white hair, which stands out from his head all round like an aureole. A large forehead dominates a compressed little face beneath it. Not good-looking, he is all the more careful on that account, perhaps, about his looks. In his hat (let not these details diminish the number of his adorers!) he carries a comb and a looking-glass, and before he begins luncheon he takes off his hat, and steadfastly regarding it as if he were saying his prayers in church, he stealthily adjusts his locks by the aid of the mirror it enshrines. For a Norwegian he is rich—from his literary royalties. Other royalties are not very profitable in Norway, where the King himself has only a few thousands a year from this part of his double dominion.



MOODS AND TENSES.

BY MRS. STEEL.

SCENE: *India. Her sitting-room, with the late afternoon sun sending bars of light and shadow across the floor. A native servant awaiting orders at the open French window, which gives on a verandah set with sweet-scented English flowers.*

SHE. The drawing-room, did you say? Show him in here.

[*She rises from the writing-table, goes over to the fireplace, sweeps up the wood ashes, and shifts the logs to make them blaze.*]

HE. How cosy this room is! No wonder that, as a rule, you guard it so jealously from all outsiders. My new privilege is great! But how are you? Better, I hope. They told me when I called this morning that you had fever. I did not wonder, after—yesterday.

SHE. The sun was certainly very hot; a tent, too, is but poor protection against an Indian noon—and then the races were so deadly dull.

HE. I was not thinking of the sun. There were other things from which you should have been protected. If I had had the right—

SHE. Do you take sugar in your tea?

HE. You know I do! Thanks. Unfortunately, the right was not mine, and yet—

SHE (*handing him a cup of tea, and looking into his face steadily*). And yet a gentleman can always protect a woman, as you did. Believe me, I am not ungrateful.

HE (*leaning forward, and with a tremor in his voice*). Ungrateful! Why should you say such things to me? A bare five minutes of self-control, and you, with long years of—I cannot name it.

SHE (*smiling slightly*). Of yesterdays. Think of them as I do, for yesterday is always bearable when to-day comes.

HE (*frowning*). You can smile over such a memory! How like a woman! Nay, I will speak; yesterday has given me the right of a friend. I blame no one; I speak no names; I only say that yesterday—

SHE. Again that yesterday! It has passed—as all things in heaven and earth must pass.

HE (*eagerly*). Not love.

SHE. Would you mind putting another log on the fire, please, or it will be going out. (*A pause.*) Yes! Love most of all: it is a thing of moods and tenses—a thing here to-day and gone to-morrow. It is, and it was.

HE. Again, why should you say such things to me? You do not believe them yourself. (*Rises and moves restlessly to the window.*) I do not understand you to-day; you are not like yourself. You would not have said that yesterday.

[*As he speaks he picks some mignonette mechanically, puts it into his buttonhole, and returns to his chair. A bunch of the same flower is half hidden in the folds of her lace.*]

SHE (*petulantly*). Yesterday again! I almost wish it had never been.

HE. Don't say that; it has given me the right to speak the truth at last.

SHE. The truth! That is also a thing of moods and tenses. We believe to-day what we did not believe or disbelieve yesterday. The fact remains the same.

HE. There you go too far, and so prove your own exaggeration. If love and truth are both unstable, what remains to ballast the vessel of our lives? What is to guide us to the haven where we would be?

SHE. Thought for the future. That is the only tense we have power to change.

HE (*quickly*). Then love is changeless, as I said it was. You contradict yourself.

SHE (*with a faint smile*). Leave time to prove me wrong in the future—that future which ought to be so bright for you.

HE. Why not for you also? Surely you deserve it more than I? Because your past—

SHE (*looking him full in the eyes*). Now, what can you know about my past save that I made a great mistake, as many another woman has done and will do, and that I lived to regret it?

HE (*with infinite tenderness and deference*). Surely I know more. Surely I know that life grows harder for you day by day, as a loveless life must ever be to a woman such as you are?

SHE (*deliberately*). Who said it was loveless? Did I? If so, I lied, and you—you, at least, deserve the truth. Love—it is a thing of moods and tenses, mind you—came into my life as it comes into most women's lives—once.

HE. Once?

SHE. Yes; once upon a time; long years after my marriage—long years of yesterdays. And he—

HE. Well? I am waiting. And he—

SHE. It came to him also. It was—it was very inconvenient.

HE. Inconvenient! Great heavens, what a word to use! Do you understand what you are talking of, I wonder?

SHE. Perfectly. Love as an unasked guest is very inconvenient; more so to the man than to the woman, as a rule. This proved no exception, and, therefore—

HE. Well—I am waiting. What happened?

SHE (*steadily*). What happens in the lives of women such as I am? Nothing. So nothing happened. He went away, and, I presume, forgot. I stayed behind, but I remembered. That is all.

HE (*with a sudden catch in his voice*). But you remembered: for how long?

SHE. Till now, at any rate; for ever, most likely.

HE (*bitterly*). Believe me, men do not easily forget women such as you are.

SHE (*in muffled tones*). Do they not? Time will show. Meanwhile, have I put enough sugar in that second cup?

HE (*rising to lay it down*). Enough and to spare. The memory of its sweetness will remain with me for many a long day. And now, good-bye. It is time I was going.

SHE (*holding his hand*). So soon?—and I was in a confidential mood.

HE. Was? That is the past tense, so I am not needed. Now, good-bye again, Mrs. Murray.

SHE. Good-bye, Captain Verchoyle.

[*She stands looking in the fire when he has gone.*]

SHE (*turning away*). Was, and is, and will be! Oh, God! how tired I am of moods and tenses!

II.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

SCENE: *England. A ball-room. Lights, flowers, a crowd. A man and a woman drifting close to each other.*

HE. Kate!—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Murray. After all these years!

SHE. Just so; after all these years. How well you are looking; better than ever.

HE (*scanning her face curiously*). And you—look best as ever. Let us get out of this crowd. The dancing-room is almost empty—if you are not engaged.

SHE (*with a palpable flush*). I never danced with you, surely, in the old days?

HE (*laughing*). No; it is a new accomplishment of mine. My wife taught me—you know I'm married, of course?

SHE. I ought to, seeing that it is eight years since I read the announcement in the papers.

HE (*with another laugh*). To be sure. My eldest girl is seven this month. How time does fly! That is my wife yonder in the white and roses. You would not think she had a daughter of seven, would you? By-and-by you must let me introduce her and exhibit my own good fortune; but now, if you do not mind, we can take a turn, and so get round to the conservatory for a quiet talk.

[*They glide off to the strains of "Rêves d'Amour."*]

HE. It will be cooler outside on the balcony. One might almost fancy one's self back in India among these scented blossoms but for the dimness of the stars. How bright they used to be! I remember—(*He breaks off abruptly in his turn.*)

SHE (*after a pause, curiously*). Yes, you remember.

HE. I remember one of the best friends a man ever had treated as the worst, and yet, believe me, never forgotten. I have so often wished we could meet again to be friends, as we ought always to have been. But Fate has been kind at last! Where are you living?

SHE. In the sunshine. Algiers, Italy, Egypt—any place where I can find my only tie to life—for I have no others.

HE (*with surprise superadded to sympathy in his tone*). I am sorry. I thought—I mean I hoped—you might have married again.

SHE (*quietly*). Did you not think my first experience sufficient to warn me against a second?

HE. That is a little unkind. But the last time we met—Are you cold? Let me fetch you a shawl—my wife has one just inside.

SHE (*with a little laugh*). No, thanks; it was only someone walking over my grave, as the children say. The last time we met—that was just before my husband's sudden death—we talked, I think, of—of moods and tenses. And you objected to the future. You do not object to it now, surely?

HE (*in a low voice*). Indeed I am happy—as happy as a man can well be; happier far than I have any right to be.

SHE (*hurriedly*). When we last met you went on leave immediately, I remember; then came that awful accident, and so—and so somehow we never met again.

HE. It is like you to put so charitable a cloak over my selfishness. After all my protestations of friendship, to leave you—as I did—without one word! And yet there was some excuse. I often wonder if you guessed it?

[*A pause.*]

SHE (*slowly*). Perhaps it is as well to be sure, however, after all these years.

HE. I was madly—desperately in love with you at the time; as a natural sequence desperately jealous—

SHE. Of moods and tenses! Yet I was right, was I not? Love comes and goes, and the past tense in my life made the future in yours. Supposing I had said *is* instead of *was*? Supposing I had put my love in the present tense, indicative mood, as we sat talking over the fire that day?

HE. Mrs. Murray! Kate!

SHE (*calmly*). I said supposing. And yet (*with sudden earnestness*) what woman such as I am would risk the future of the man she loved for the sake of her own mood and tense? I did my best. See, there is your wife coming into the conservatory. Introduce me, for to-morrow I go sun-wards—that is my future, and the past is only one of my yesterdays.



THE "FISH BALLET" IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

CHRISTMAS IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The children who are patients at the London Hospital, numbering at present 164, or about a fourth of the total number of sick folk in the wards, had as merry a Christmas as might be wished, thanks to the good heart of many well-wishers, including Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Mr. Robert Barclay, Lady Granville Gordon, the Misses Rochfort, Mrs. Underhill, and others. The Christmas-trees were placed in the Queen's Ward, which is ordinarily devoted to the reception of surgical cases among children under seven years of age. The wards were decorated with flags, ropes of evergreens, holly, and devices. In the children's wards over each cot was hung a shield, on which was written, in red letters on a white ground, the name of the occupant. On Christmas Eve a large stocking was hung at the foot of each cot, and in the morning all were found to be filled with suitable toys and gifts. In the afternoon one of the doctors, who was dressed up as Father Christmas, distributed toys and cards to each child. Great rejoicing was also caused by the appearance of a party of mummies. A "Punch-and-Judy" show and a barrel-organ were also provided for the youngsters.



TOO ILL TO GO DOWN TO THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



"PUNCH-AND-JUDY" IN THE QUEEN'S WARD.

SMALL TALK.

As at present arranged, the Court will leave Osborne on Feb. 13 for Windsor Castle, where her Majesty will remain until March 20, when she starts for Florence. The Queen is passing the time quietly at Osborne, enjoying the comparative freedom from "affairs" and the succession of visitors which residence at Windsor always involves.

The Queen's yacht is refitting at Portsmouth, and will be ready when her Majesty starts on her annual spring trip to the sunny south. The rooms occupied by the Queen on board are fitted, of course, with every comfort, but there is none of that lavishness, that overflowing gorgeousness, displayed in the decoration and furnishing of her yacht by the modern Cæsus. The dining saloon is roomy and comfortable, and hung with pictures, many of them being portraits, and the deck saloon is made extremely pleasant for either fine or roughish weather. In the Queen's own suite of bed and dressing-rooms the hangings are always of a certain rosebud-patterned elintz. This was the choice of the late Prince Consort many years ago, and by her Majesty's desire it is always renewed in exactly the same material and design. The Queen's sea trips are always a pleasure to her crew, for to officers and men alike she is invariably graciousness itself.

For several days past the royal guests at Osborne and the members of her Majesty's household have been busily engaged preparing for the

was the perfectly good-tempered reply, and on they flowed. On the first night of Irving's revival of "The Iron Chest" I remember an old gentleman in a box on the prompt side whose constant cough was distressing to a degree. At length some wit called out from the pit a plaintive request for "The old gentleman with the iron chest" to leave off coughing or go away. I suppose it reached his ears, for he retired from the front of the box, and the hacking cough came only in muffled volleys. It was at a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum that I had the doubtful pleasure of sitting next an old gentleman who was explaining things to his female companion. "Who's he?" asked the lady, pointing to Mr. Beaumont, who was playing the Doge in the trial scene. "That's the Lord Mayor," replied the old man, quite seriously. "And them in red behind 'im?" "They're the jury; no, they're only dummies"; and later, when "the jury" slowly left the Court, the female exclaimed, "Lor', the dummies is gone!" Gentleness and mirth seem by the fairer sex to be expected from Miss Ellen Terry, for on the first night of "Olivia" at the Court, when that popular lady struck her betrayer on the breast, exclaiming "Devil!" a girl near me cried out, "Well, I never should have thought Ellen Terry would do such a thing."

At the Lyceum Theatre the adventures of the little Cinder Maid are proving attractive. This fairy tale dates back, I believe, to the middle of the sixteenth century, and antiquaries have before now discussed



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tableaux-vivants which are to be given there next week. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice have specially interested themselves in selecting and setting all the details of the various pictures to be represented, receiving able assistance from Colonel Bigge and Herr Muther, the Queen's German secretary. The *tableaux* entail a great deal of really hard work, as immense trouble is taken to ensure that the dresses, scenery, and all other details are correct in every particular. The performance is to take place in the Indian Room at Osborne, certainly the finest example of Eastern decoration and colouring in Europe. The plans of this apartment were designed at the School of Art at Lahore by Ram Singh, who afterwards came over to England with a staff of skilled native workmen in order that the designs might be satisfactorily carried out. The Indian Room, one way and another, has cost the Queen over £25,000, but there is the satisfaction of knowing that it is unique of its kind. The corridors and principal apartments at Osborne are now all lighted by electricity, but the Queen has always steadfastly refused to have the new light in her own private apartments.

"Voices from the Pit" was the title of a short article in *The Sketch* a couple of weeks ago, which retailed some of those amusing remarks made by frequenters of that particular portion of the theatre. Here are some more "Voices," heard by myself in those days when I was an enthusiastic pittance and first-nighter. On the first night of Irving's "Macbeth" (I mean under the Bateman management), my friend and I were annoyed by three men who chattered incessantly immediately behind us. The customary "Sh, sh!" had no effect, and, turning round, I remonstrated with them: "Oh, we don't want to hear what they say,"

the absurdity of a slipper of glass being forced on the foot of a dainty damsel, no matter how dainty and small that foot may have been. The explanation given by certain grave authorities on fairy lore is that the slipper was not of *verre*, but of *vair*, which latter is, I think, old French for fur, more particularly that of the ermine, and it is conjectured that the error arose through the similarity in the sound of the two substantives. Certainly, a slipper of fur would be preferable to one of crystal, especially in cold weather.

The illustration which we borrow from *Harper's Magazine* is one of Mr. Fred Barnard's characteristic and clever sketches of West-End life. Mr. Richard Harding Davis concludes his entertaining impressions of England and the English with an account of "The West and East Ends of London," which, he says, has seemed so difficult to write that he has put it off from month to month. He pleasantly chats about the English society girls, who he thinks are "the most over-riden and over-chaperoned young women in the world," except in their liberty to sit out dances. Another curious opinion of Mr. Davis is that modesty is the most charming of all English characteristics, only it is rather, in some instances, overdone. As an example of this quality, he instances an incident in an undergraduate's room. Seeing a portrait of an English peer, Mr. Davis asked, "Why do you have such a large picture of Lord — here? Do you admire him as much as that?" "He is my father," said the undergraduate. "Of course," he went on, anxiously, "he doesn't dress in all those things unless he has to. Here is a better portrait of him" — and he showed Mr. Davis a photo of his father in knickerbockers!

Twelfth Night recalls to actors and actresses the famous name of Robert Baddeley, who bequeathed the interest of £100 to provide wine and cake in Drury Lane Green Room on every Twelfth Night. The



MR. BADDELEY AS PETER.

"I have taken my last draught in this world."

In "The School for Scandal" he played the original part of Moses, and it was while dressing for this character that Baddeley died, Nov. 19, 1794. He was appropriately buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden. This year, therefore, is the centenary of his death.

I don't propose to dilate on the great public work effected by the late Sir Samuel Baker during his remarkable career as traveller, discoverer, hunter, and administrator. The daily papers have paid fitting tribute to his exploits by flood and field and his additions to scientific and geographical knowledge in Africa, which will be for all time linked with the name of Baker. But, perhaps, some description of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker at their home in Devonshire might be interesting.

When Sir "Sam," as he was always spoken of in the family circle, left the public service on resigning the Governorship of the Soudan, in 1879, he, after four years' travel, naturally sought, having been for so long a sojourner in the heat of the East, a residence in the mild climate of Devonshire, and he found a delightfully situated house near Newton Abbot, facing the south, ensconced among protecting woods from cold winds, and from its elevated position looking down the smiling valley of the Teign to the sea beyond. It was to this home that his thoughts in the later years of his life always reverted, in spite of his annual wanderings during the winter months. Here he became the simple country gentleman, regularly attending the Petty Sessions, and taking an intimate interest in his farm stock, the draining of the land, and the planting of trees—indeed, one might have thought that he had no interests outside the parish, from the attention he paid to his surroundings; while Lady Baker was equally absorbed in poultry-keeping and in growing huge beds of sweet lavender, welcoming her neighbours with her charming smile, and conversing in tones tinged with a pretty accent which had its birthplace in Croatia. Surely never before was there a house so filled with trophies of the chase and with curios collected in distant lands as Sandford Orleigh. Most of the former were won at the risk of life or in atonement of life already sacrificed, while of the latter many are priceless from their being unique. The lofty hall from which lead on the suite of superbly furnished rooms is Argus-eyed by reason of the stuffed heads of every species of deer extant in Africa and India, killed by Sir Samuel's rifle, which look down on you on all sides from the walls.

On tables innumerable are grouped Japanese bronzes, kettles, sword-guards of workmanship which had occupied years in their execution, and which must have cost several fortunes. Of china, here and in the adjoining rooms the kilns of Europe and the East had evidently been ransacked, for Sir Samuel was as much a lover of art as he had been a doer of deeds of prowess in the jungle and the desert. The billiard-room gives some exhibits of these in the skins of lions, tigers, and leopards, scored with shot holes, which carpet the floor and line its walls. As you pass the wide staircase adorned with *chefs-d'œuvre* by Sosslein, the Landseer of Japan, and bristling with savage weapons, you may be invited to smoke in Sir Samuel's own room, though it was seldom that he himself indulged in nicotine. Then he would show you his great elephant rifles and other guns suitable for killing big game, and most certainly his "little Fletche," a very handy weapon, weighing only 8½ lb., with which Lady Baker was occasionally armed at critical times in their explorations, and which he sometimes used.

King Pantomime has not begun his reign too long to render another note unseasonable. "Manifolding" is nearly as common in pantomime writing as it is in some departments of journalism, and pieces on the same subjects by the same authors may figure not only on the boards of various provincial houses, but also on those of a couple of theatres situated within the London district. Of course, slight changes in the names of the characters have to be made, while the introduction of what are called "locals" is naturally regarded as of much importance. Furthermore, pantomimes of the year before are apt to reappear in different parts of the country, and are sometimes even transferred bag and baggage, or, to speak more correctly, with scenery, dresses, properties, and all.

Here are a few of the most important or most prolific librettists this pantomime season. Indefatigable Mr. Fred Locke contributes "Cinderella" at Morton's, Greenwich; "Cinderella," Shakspeare, Liverpool; "Red Riding Hood," Grand, Leeds; "Red Riding Hood," Royal, Birmingham; "Sinbad the Sailor," Princess's, Glasgow; "The Forty Thieves," Royal, Nottingham; "Babes in the Wood," Royal, Manchester. Redoubtable "Geoffrey Thorn" is represented by "Jack and the Beanstalk," Grand, Islington; "Cinderella," Prince of Wales's, Liverpool; "The Forty Thieves," Prince's, Bristol. The labours of Mr. Wilton Jones have resulted in "Dick Whittington" at the Standard, Bishopgate, in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Melville; "Red Riding Hood," Gaiety, Dublin; "Aladdin," Alexandra, Sheffield; "Aladdin," Royal, Glasgow. Well in evidence, also, are Mr. T. F. Doyle, with "Sinbad" at the Queen's, Manchester, and Royal, Bradford, "Aladdin" at Chester, and "Robinson Crusoe" at Coatbridge; Mr. Horace Lennard, with his Lyceum and Crystal Palace books; Mr. H. F. McClelland, with "Jack and the Beanstalk" at Hammersmith and the Elephant and Castle, and several more in the provinces; and Messrs. Lloyd Clarence, A. Claude Clark, Stanley Rogers, C. J. Archer, Percy Milton, W. Wade, George Dance, and William Walton—in truth, a goodly company; and others not mentioned here are little, if at all, behind in the race for the Pantomime Stakes.

That this generation is mad on the microbe question nobody can possibly deny. We are constantly unearthing some scientific bogey which had lain unsuspected in our very midst for countless æons and holding him up to the reprobation of his natural prey, mankind. The very latest and most disconcerting discovery of the alarmist is the musical microbe—the one who lies *perdu* in our piano, to rise anon, while we make dulcet harmony and spread contagion all around. Now, if the piano, through harbouring dust and germs between its keys, turns out to be an anti-hygienic bogey, a social danger, where, I ask, may we turn for comfort? Think of all the situations to which this amiable instrument lends itself: the whispered flirtations, drowned to outside cars in its running rivulet of convenient accompaniment; the moving ballads of significant sentiments which, sweetly sung by Matilda, strike an answering chord under somebody else's waistcoat. No; we really cannot spare the piano, notwithstanding all its sins—and they are many—of morning practice and maddening scales.

For my part, I believe we daily approach that millennium of the alarmist when the microbe will so overspread our mental vision that we shall be afraid to eat, drink, or walk abroad, lest he put forth his fangs from unsuspected places to pounce upon our vulnerable selves. Not alone is the poor piano accused of harbouring this small villain in its keyboard, but I have been assured that bank-notes are also fruitful sources of "conveyed" influenza, typhoid, and other horrid contagions. Be that as it may, I am still prepared to declare my warm sentiments towards this convenient quantity with the same generosity and forgiveness as the poet manifested towards the somewhat faulty England he "loved still." Microbe or no microbe, my belief in a "tenner," "monkey," or "pony" remains sincere and fervent.

Quaint situations constantly arise when dressmaker and customer fall out over the relative merits (or otherwise) of cloak or costume, and finally bring the knotty point into court, that her Majesty's justice may weigh complaints and compensation in the balance of his irrefragable foresight. The complications of Miss Ugalde's jacket have been, however, more than usually funny, and set all Paris—or that part of it which knows—laughing. Krieg, the well-known tailor, made a little coat for the favourite young actress in question, which was meant to be effective, but only succeeded in being a fiasco.

Naturally, the lady shed a tear—one always does over a misfit—and followed this affecting waste of tissue, as the doctors would call it, by a complaint. The *couturier* acknowledged all shortcomings, but subsequently vented his just wrath on his delinquent "cutter," who was thereupon invited to retire from the onerous task of fitting lovely woman's curves and billows into tweed without a wrinkle. The "cutter," as this Knight of the Shears is called, objected to being qusted from his post, and brought damages against his master for unjustifiable dismissal. Curious that, though the jacket in question was clearly at variance with the heavenly outline it had been meant to surround, the Assize Court judge gave the shearer of cloth thereof substantial damages as a salve to his wounded feelings. Krieg has had to bear the brunt of his charming client's reproaches, therefore, on one hand, and to make compensation to his *employé* for disappointing her on the other. Thorny, indeed, is the path of the ladies' tailor.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What a singular circumstance it is that the civilised world should have come gradually to the observance of so utterly accidental, arbitrary, and illogical a thing as the calendar. Here we have been in England taking stock of our past 365 days, and laying in a stock of beautiful resolutions which will go to extend the beautifully variegated mosaic that paves a certain place. In France every respectable householder has been ruining himself in presents and "tips" because it is "The Day of the Year," so-called. Why day, and why year? In parts of the United States ladies have been sitting sedate and splendid, to be called upon by all gentlemen who know them. And all this is because certain entirely arbitrary and unmeaning conventions have been imposed on an unthinking multitude, and the first day of a bundle of days called by the name of an obscure and extinct deity is called New Year.

It is, perhaps, well that our divisions of time should be irrational, as they cannot be logical or symmetrical. The movements of the heavenly bodies have a nasty habit of admitting only of approximate solutions, embodied in interminable decimals, which do not possess even the doubtful virtue of circulating. The two motions of the earth do not allow of a "neat" solution of the problem of the revolving year. Probably these things were so devised to prevent mathematicians from becoming arrogant. Persons with a general, rhetorical smattering of science, like French Revolutionists and modern Positivists, have sometimes tried to reform the calendar on abstract principles. The French Revolutionary calendar lasted but a few years, yet left behind it a legacy of infinite petty trouble and vexation to all readers of history. And how crude and superficial an accomplishment was this, the most famous and most widely accepted of innovations! The ten-day week, the three-week month, the odd days of the solar year dumped into a sink of festivals at the end—the strange masquerade of the decimal and the duodecimal! The French Republicans should have had more logic and more consistency. They should have declared the year to consist of a thousand days, and raised the odd 635 by a forced loan

All that trouble was caused by a few men with a little mathematical knowledge and a smattering of Greek. Their new weights and measures—with what parade of science were they devised. And yet is the *mètre* not an exact decimal part of the distance between the North Pole and the Equator, nor is there any reason why it should be. It would have been so easy to dock off the extra three inches or so and make it the good old British yard. And the half-kilogramme, which everybody calls a pound—why not have made it the same as our pound? Again, the franc, why not, at a time when coin was unseen, have made it equal to the "splendid shilling"? Then had the federation of the world become possible of attainment. Or, had a shilling-franc been too great a concession, at least the franc might have been worth a solid tenpence instead of a vague something hovering about ninepence-halfpenny. It is that halfpenny which stands in the way of a cordial Anglo-French alliance—that and other things. And I should date the recrudescence of angry feelings between England and France from the day when French copper money ceased to be accepted for English omnibus fares.

These be vain speculations, perhaps: all speculations are more or less vain. What a warning to human ambitions and forecasts is the spectacle of American railway shares! Without tangible reason in many cases, with no convulsion of nature, here are countless millions apparently swallowed up in the inane. Talk of the ravages of Attila, or Timour, or Nadir Shah! Why, not one of them could have destroyed the money value lost in a financial panic. And these barbarian conquerors had one true economic instinct: they generally tried to readjust the balance between wealth and population by massacring the latter when they plundered the former, whereas our crueller financiers leave our lives and take from us that by which we live.

Then, again, a plundering army did not destroy all the wealth—or, indeed, any that it could carry away conveniently. The diamond of the Great Mogul, passing through the hands of Persian, Afghan, and Sikh, came to shine among our Queen's Crown jewels; but, had its price been invested in shares, where would the money have been now? Swallowed up by a drop of ten points on Wall Street! No; in "savage" or semi-savage warfare one knows one's risks, but finance is incalculable. Nearly all of us practically risk our daily sustenance every day on merely arbitrary judgments formed by ignorant persons. The only persons whose living is reasonably secure (subject, of course, to the variations of the weather)

are those who till the soil for sustenance. These, in England, at least, have not much chance of being ruined. Beyond this there is nothing certain. Even a guileless speculator is not absolutely sure to lose his money. Men have been deluded into taking shares in apparently worthless mines which accidentally turned out to be rich; they have occasionally been cheated into becoming millionaires. Even the gambler may "break the bank at Monte Carlo"; otherwise, in order to win, he would only have to frame an elaborate "system," and then bet against it.

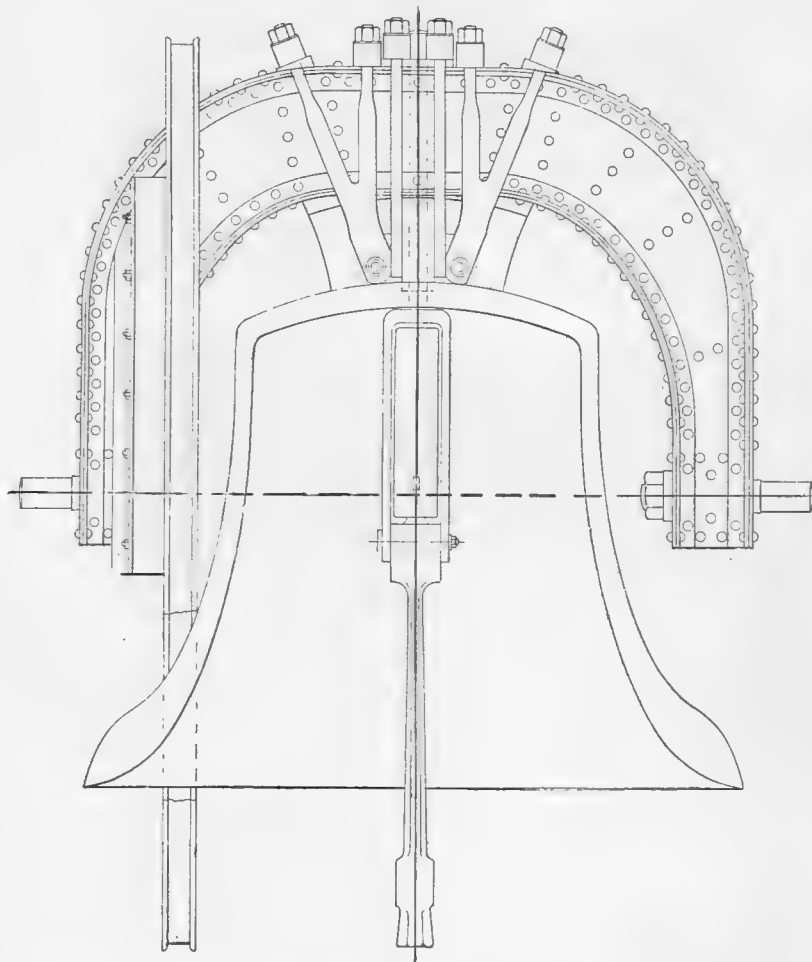
In M. Zola's "L'Argent" one of the most striking minor figures is the financier—I forget his name—who out of sheer pigheadedness had spent all his substance on the shares of a "wild-cat" South American mine. A sudden "pocket" of ore ran up his property twenty-fold, and all the Bourse bowed down to him as a demigod. Not, perhaps, that men believed in his skill, but he was the most lucky man visible within their horizon. And Luck is the goddess of the Stock Exchange always and everywhere.

Is it because of some insult to her power that she now persistently holds aloof? Perhaps; and possibly, if, like the Carthaginians, we would sacrifice a hecatomb of our fairest brokers, she would return. The experiment might at least be tried. Were it not a success, no lasting harm would be done.

MARMITON.

"GREAT PAUL."

Those of our readers who are interested in bells generally, and St. Paul's Cathedral bell in particular, may like to see the design by Messrs. Taylor



NEW HEADSTOCK FOR "GREAT PAUL," AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
BY MESSRS. TAYLOR, LOUGHBOROUGH.

in connection with the new clock, of which *The Sketch* gave an account last week.

Will the London season of 1894 see the return of Madame Adelina Patti to the operatic stage? If the reports from Boston are to be relied on, it would almost seem as if this devoutly wished event might take place. The Diva herself, the Boston musical public, and the Boston critics have all been loud in their praises of Signor Emilio Pizzi's one-act opera "Gabiella," which was performed, with Madame Patti in the title rôle, in Boston a few weeks ago. The great cantatrice is reported to have declared her intention of renewing her American triumph in London, and there is no doubt that her *rentrée* would be most welcome, and the opera, written as it is by a fellow-student of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, one of the lights of the modern Italian school, acceptable. Those who are curious about this highly praised work may obtain both score and libretto of Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Henry How is a famous and a very clever interviewer. He has just published in a volume some seventeen of his interviews with eminent persons that have appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, with Sir Frederic Leighton, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Irving, Cardinal Manning, and others who had something of real interest to say. Mr. How made them talk, and, what is more, made them tell stories. But on looking through the pictures of themselves and their surroundings one is led to doubt whether interviewers choose the right things to illustrate. Those endless well-appointed dining-rooms and drawing-rooms have little of personal interest about them. A man's furniture, unless he be an artist, rarely expresses himself. The subject pictures in Lord Wolseley and Cardinal Manning's interviews may be purely imaginative, but they are more on the right tack than many of the photographs.

"Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago," Catullus, of all the ancients, is surely the one who should be represented in form that is beautiful from every standpoint. It seems little short of sacrilege to send him out into the world clothed in the threadbare shabbiness of a German edition. In fitting garb—quarto, with acres of margin—Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have issued the text of the poet edited by



S. G. Owen, with charming illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, which have been done every justice to in photogravure by Messrs. Walker and Boutall. Mr. Weguelin has been very successful in illustrating the verses beginning "*Ille mi par esse deo videtur*," which, according to one translator, meaneth—

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.
'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
That raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

The English edition of Count Tolstoi's last book will be published by Mr. Heinemann in two volumes. It will be entitled "*The Kingdom of God*."

As genial gossip as I have found for many a day is in the three volumes entitled "*Varieties in Prose*" (Longmans), by the late William Allingham. With the light touch suitable to a wayside chat, and with cleverly concealed research, the author discourses on his peregrinations. Moor Park is linked with Swift, Winchester with Keats, Farnham with Cobbett, Dorset with Barnes, and so on. Nor are interesting discoveries lacking in these books, the atmosphere of which is bright as summer sunshine: the grave of an erstwhile comic singer is shown to us at peaceful Blandford, and the brief narrative of his career is told.

Through the pages of "*Varieties in Prose*" runs a current of poetry—the rural muse whom Allingham courted so delightfully. He was a rambler of singular insight and appreciation of the beautiful, just as his widow has so often shown a similarly alert perception of loveliness, depicted by her with unfailing accuracy on many a canvas. The books may be described as pleasant talks in undertones on many subjects and persons interesting to most people of literary taste.

o. o.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Clay-Bird
Shooting.

With the improvements in traps "clay-pigeon" shooting seems to have taken quite a new lease of life. I am not surprised at this, for it is in many ways a pretty occupation. But to say, as many men do say, that it is exactly the same thing as shooting real birds is ridiculous. As a matter of fact, it is in one respect absolutely different, for a living bird gains in speed from the moment of its rising, whereas with a clay pigeon it is exactly the reverse: the clay bird is lessening in speed every moment. And, again, unless a real bird receives a full dose of the charge of shot it is not killed outright, as a rule, though it may be crippled; but it is usually only necessary for a single shot to strike a clay bird and the porcelain is shattered. When all is said and done, clay-bird shooting is, as I have said, a pretty occupation *pour passer le temps*. And there is at least one direction in which it can be worked with great advantage to the shooter, though this is seldom tried. I refer to the "driven" shot. For this the trap must be placed out of sight behind a wall or fence, and the spring set, to start with, at an angle of about 45 deg. If then a gun stands back a little he can get admirable practice, and I venture to say a poor shot at driven birds, after a steady spell at this, will find his shooting improved ten per cent.

Pronounced "she" and "shöder." Most of us know *Ski and Skiddor*, now what these are. "Ski" are Norwegian, "skiddor" Swedish snow-shoes, or rather snow-skates. As I hear that Messrs. Gaze, the enterprising, are going to run a steamer to Norway this winter, in order that their "personally conducted" may have a chance of learning "skilöbing," as it is called, we may expect next winter a new craze in this country. And as it is now several years since I first tried my 'prentice hand at this accomplishment, my readers may, perhaps, like to hear something about it. The skates are made of thin slips of ash or fir, about 4 in. wide and perhaps 7 ft. long (I have none by me now), and are slightly curved. The foot is slipped into a leather loop about in the middle of the ski. Usually the ski is uncovered, and has a groove cut along the under side—that is, on the sole; but sometimes the whole is covered with skin from the shin of the reindeer, with the hair pointing backwards. This is useful in soft snow, and is a great help in going up hill. Of course, as a rule, the snow in this country is not really hard enough for good skilöbing; but, still, one can get a deal of fun out of it with a minimum of danger. I had almost forgotten to add that you must also have a longish staff, with a button about two inches from the point.

How to Begin
to do it.

Take heart of grace. You will see the Norwegians doing extraordinarily clever things: shooting down the sides of mountains, leaping over vast distances, and so on. Don't be disgusted because your best efforts seem to take you a very little way, for these people began when they first left the cradle, and live in ski for five months out of the twelve. Practise, to begin with, only one point, namely this, keeping your feet together. This is the initial difficulty. One's feet go sliding away from each other, like a camel's in a mud-hole. Don't try and strike out at all at first. Simply go to the top of a slight incline and try to slide down it, keeping the ski parallel. Choose a grass slope if you like, and pile up a heap of soft snow at the bottom; but, as a matter of fact, one never hurts one's self, for all the tumbles. Practise getting up from a sitting posture—this will teach you to bend your knees and to learn little dodges for keeping the ski from running away from you. Don't try and walk in ski, as many beginners do: it is all balance and sliding. I don't think anyone can become expert in this art who does not begin as a child, and, of course, our winters are too short and too uncertain. But there is much fun to be got from it in a small way.

Butchery or
Sport?

A letter by Mr. G. Lacy in a recent number of the *Field* deserves the attention of all true sportsmen. He appeals to Mr. Cecil Rhodes to set apart an unhealthy and otherwise useless district just south of the Zambesi as a sanctuary for wild creatures. "Is it too late," he asks, "to save specimens of the most interesting fauna the world knows?" He may well ask, for the story of the destruction of African large animals is nothing less than tragic. Of all those wonderful forms which in Livingstone's and Oswell's days covered the country literally in millions, what is left? "Already the white rhinoceros is all but extinct, and the black seldom seen; the true quagga is gone; the black wildebeeste is fast disappearing; the grand roan antelope hardly ever heard of; the giraffe is doomed; the blesbuck going; the eland extremely scarce, and many others *in extremis*." Again, "Between 1840 and 1870 quite 50,000 elephants were killed," one man alone, whose name is given, "being responsible for over a thousand." Does it not seem almost incredible that any Government should permit this? To kill off the elephant is about the same thing as killing off the horse in Europe. It means the loss to a country of an invaluable industrial creature. Will not this consideration appeal to the Chartered Company?

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

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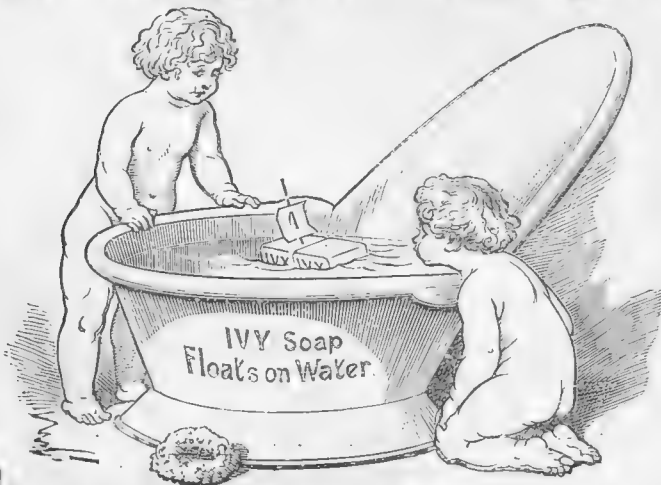
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HIS BETTER-HALF AND HIMSELF.

Mr. SAMUEL S. DAVIS, of Bath, gives us the particulars of his experience and that of his better-half in testing the medicinal properties of a certain well-known and popular article, which should be of interest to many of our readers.

Mr. Davis says: "I got into a serious condition with indigestion and dyspepsia, I had no appetite, and what little food I was obliged to take to sustain life distressed me exceedingly. I would wake up in the morning with severe headache, bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, tired, dull and spiritless, with no inclination or ambition to attend to business. Doctors and patent medicines completely failed to even help me, so I tried Vogeler's Curative Compound, which seemed to give strength to my weak stomach almost directly. It completely restored my appetite and assisted digestion, so that in three months I could eat anything without feeling distress. My vigour and ambition returned, and I am a new man, perfectly well. My wife was in a weak, nervous state from nursing me so long, and she, seeing the wonderful benefit I had obtained, tried it herself; it built her up wonderfully—so that now we both have every reason to be thankful that we heard of Vogeler's Curative Compound. It has done everything claimed for it in our cases."

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

VI.—MR. C. A. COOPER, OF THE "SCOTSMAN."

The ancient Scots were fond of making excursions to this country, and their descendants have inherited the same predilections. Dr. Johnson long ago declared that the finest view in Scotland was the high road to England, and the last census helps us to understand the subtlety of the sentence. There are a good many Scotsmen in England; but how many Englishmen are there in Scotland?

A policy of retaliation maintains a nation's equilibrium. People emigrate, others immigrate, and the balance is sustained. Scotsmen come to England; Englishmen retaliate by going to Scotland. The



Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

MR. CHARLES COOPER, EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN."

Land o' Cakes has absorbed many brilliant intellects that the mother country could ill spare. Mr. C. A. Cooper is one of them. He went straight from London to Edinburgh to join the editorial staff of the most powerful journal in North Britain.

The editor of the *Scotsman* is a Yorkshireman. Hull had the honour of giving him birth and of rocking him in the journalistic cradle. The fire on the altar of journalism touched him at an early age. He became a clerk in the office of a Hull newspaper, and from writing wrappers passed by an easy transition to writing leaders. He began to register public opinion, and then to mould it. His pen became a lancet and a lever, with which he phlebotomised the bad and elevated the good.

London is the Mecca of the provincial journalist, and it was not long before Mr. Cooper joined the pilgrims of the Press to the sacred city. He wanted to take a dip into the well of metropolitan experience and see what it was like. He did so, and found it refreshing. He obtained a seat in Parliament—in the Reporters' Gallery—and this enabled him to put his fingers right on the pulse of Imperial politics. In the *Morning Star* of that day he described all its variations. He studied the temperature of Parliament with the zeal of a man who has just bought a thermometer. He cleverly crystallised the wanton wisdom of its legislators, and polished the pearls which he occasionally found in the dull shells of Parliamentary speech.

In those days the "London Correspondent" was a new, mysterious, but altogether edifying being. The *Scotsman* resolved to have a "Cockney Correspondent" of their own. They appointed Mr. Cooper their metropolitan *chef*, and invited him to prepare each day a dish of dainties suitable for Scotch tastes. He did so with remarkable skill. He tickled the palates of northern readers with *plats du jour* of varied piquancy, and became a literary Savarin and Soyer rolled into one.

Such culinary excellence had its reward. He received orders to report himself at headquarters. He accordingly threw up his London work and went to the picturesque city on the Forth. There he has remained ever since. In 1880 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the *Scotsman*, and this position he worthily fills to-day.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

As the prize money at Ascot this year will be very much larger than it has ever been before, it is safe to predict better sport than usual at the Royal Meeting. I am told the open season has helped the course immensely, and at the present time there is quite a thick show of herbage. Major Clement has a large staff of men engaged keeping the running track in order, and if we do not get a long spell of frost it will be good going in '94. It is a pity the tunnel leading from the grand stand enclosure to the paddock cannot be widened, as at present it is most inconvenient. Again, I think Tattersall's might well be enlarged at the expense of the grand stand enclosure. This could easily be done, while leaving the passage to the latter untouched.

It is pretty generally known that Lord Rosebery is anxious for Watts to have the riding of Ladas in the classic races of 1894, and I believe John will gladly accede to the request. He is, however, putting on flesh fast, and has to undergo many privations for the purpose of keeping his weight down. Watts is an observant man, but is not a great conversationalist, and it would require a very enterprising reporter to interview him. Watts has a splendid place at Newmarket, and he keeps open house during the meetings that are held at headquarters. Just now he is in great demand for trial-riding, as he is such a capital judge of young horses. He can tell a trainer at once whether a two-year-old is worth his corn-bill or not.

Messrs. Weatherby employ a large staff of assistants to carry on the business of the Jockey Club, and these are busily engaged at present verifying the spring entries. The amount of work to be got through in Old Burlington Street is tremendous in the course of a season, and I should say was far greater than is required to run many private banking establishments, which, by-the-by, it resembles somewhat, as owners and jockeys have to be debited or credited, as the case may be, and accounts have to be kept in the name of each. Again, the racing publications of the firm require a large staff, and it is hardly necessary to say that every man employed must be a master-hand at the particular kind of work required of him.

Now that the spring entries have been published, the hunters after trifles are busily engaged in trying to find certainties. I believe a large business is still done on the Continent over double events, but the odds are greatly in favour of the bookies. Amateur backers should bear in mind the fact that last year, with the exception of the Grand National, not one of the spring handicaps was won by an actual first favourite, barring the Great Metropolitan, for which Madame Neruda II. started at 4 to 1 against, but as no ante-post betting took place over the race this does not count. It is hard enough to find winners on the day, but it is almost impossible to spot them before the weights have been issued.

The official handicapper to the Jockey Club is Major Egerton, a Yorkshire gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood of Doncaster.

When Mr. Edward Weatherby resigned the duties, the Major was, I believe, unanimously chosen as his successor, and all unprejudiced sportsmen must admit that he all the time endeavours to do his duty fearlessly and faithfully. Major Egerton has a fine, soldierly bearing, although he is inclined to stoop just the least bit of late years. With eye-glass in eye, note-book in hand, and umbrella under the left arm, the Major is a well-known figure in the paddock at the chief fixtures. He can spy a fat horse as quickly as anyone, and seldom fails to notice a half-trained animal. The Major has been very successful in his handicapping—although once on a time, notably in the case of Goldseeker, he had the mortification of seeing horses run through a series of his handicaps successfully, despite their penalties. Major Egerton works very hard at his calling, and he has accumulated sufficient notes on horses and their doings to be able to compile a bulky volume, which, I need hardly add, would be interesting reading. The Major is a capital judge of blood stock, and I have heard that it was he who advised Lord Rosslyn to buy Buccancer.



Photo by Parkinson, Dieppe.

MAJOR EGERTON.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Now that—the first excitement over—sales have retired a little more into the background, and your minds are no longer wholly occupied with “wonderful reductions,” you can give the attention which they deserve to some lovely things which come as near perfection as anything I have ever seen. First, then, try to imagine, with the help of the accompanying sketch, a lovely little coat, entirely composed—with the exception of the sleeves and the tiny vest—of beautiful sable, the full basques being



particularly short, only reaching about two inches below the waist, round which passes a girdle composed of very narrow alternate lines of jet passementerie and black baby ribbon velvet, this same trimming forming the vest and the natty little bow in the front of the full velvet collar. The huge sleeves are of black velvet, and over them fall the full perfectly cut collar and revers of the rich sable. The woman is not yet born who could look upon such a garment without desiring from the very bottom of her heart to possess it. I wonder if you have guessed that its production is due to the inventive genius of clever Madame Humble, whose salon at No. 19, Conduit-Street is always full of lovely things? You certainly should have done so, for it bears in unmistakable characters the stamp of her perfect and original taste.

Now, having whetted your appetite with this very tasty dish, let me disclose to you further dainties on the bill of fare in the shape of some delightful garments, several of which

have just been made for well-known society ladies who are starting for the Riviera to exchange fogs and frosts for sunshine and warmth. Suppose we take the theatre jacket sketched next, as its fascinations are almost equal to those of the coat. It is a lovely confection, composed of black silk and chiffon, veiled entirely with embroideries and hanging fringes of jet and coloured paillettes, the effect of which, when the light plays upon them, is simply exquisite. The sleeves have a large puff at the top of turquoise-blue velvet, caught in the centre by a band of jetted passementerie, the lower part, reaching to the wrist, being of transparent black chiffon embroidered to match. Nothing could form a more effective contrast to the glittering richness of the bodice than this touch of vivid colour and the soft blackness of the chiffon, through which one could catch now and then the fascinating gleam of a white, prettily rounded arm. Another smart theatre jacket which I specially noticed had sleeves of checked silk in alternate squares of pale tan, dark brown, pale blue, and white, finished off at the elbow with a twist of brown satin ribbon and a fall of string-coloured lace, the bodice itself being of pale blue satin, veiled with brown silk grenadine, elaborately and beautifully embroidered with bronze and gold beads. A band of brown satin ribbon



edged the fronts and the short, full basques, and there was a full vest of the check silk, finished off with a cravat of lace, frills of which fell over the shoulders. It was one of those things, however, which want to be seen to be appreciated, the colouring formed such an important part of its attraction.

As for the gown sketched, it is the very thing for present wear, as, though light in weight, it is delightfully warm. It is of fancy black all-wool material, the skirt, like all those made by Madame Humble, being cut to perfection, and falling, therefore, into the most graceful folds. The bodice has short, full basques of pansy-coloured watered velvet, the pointed revers and the collar being of the same lovely material, bordered with mink. The sleeves, of the black material, are puffed to the elbow, the plain cuffs being finished off with an edging of fur, and there is a very deep draped waistband of black satin, with a most coquettish bow in the centre, while at the throat there is the daintiest possible cravat of white accordion-pleated chiffon. I should consider this gown a thoroughly good investment for anyone, for, though pre-eminently smart, it is durable and serviceable. The same remark also applies to another black costume with a full plain skirt and full panniers of watered silk, forming long sash ends at the back. The bodice was of the watered silk, effectively trimmed with narrow lines of jet passementerie, the square yoke, both in the front and at the back, being of white serge, covered with black silk guipure, and edged with jet. The sleeves had large, drooping puffs of the material, and deep pointed cuffs of the watered silk, edged with jet.



Very novel and quaintly pretty was a polonaise gown of fancy woollen material in a lovely shade of sulfurino, the trimming consisting of brown fur and gold gimp, and the bodice being cleverly combined with brown zibeline cloth; but nothing to my thinking could be more beautiful than a costume which was made in this particular instance for the Riviera, but which would be lovely for early spring wear in London. It was of black velvet, the skirt absolutely devoid of any trimming, and the open-fronted coat bodice—fitting closely to the sides, and falling into full basques—being turned back with revers, graduating to a point at the waist, of white silk, with one of those lovely faint brocaded designs in sprays of delicate pink roses and foliage. At the top the silk was gathered, and quaint little ear-shaped ends fell over the shoulders. Various vests could be worn with this lovely gown, which was simply perfect in its elegant simplicity.

Nor must I forget a lovely evening dress which appealed to me particularly, as it was in my favourite colours—black and yellow. The bodice was of rich buttercup-yellow brocade, with puffed sleeves of black velvet, edged with a twist and bow of brocade, while over the left shoulder fell a frill of beautiful old lace, continued down the left side of the bodice till it terminated in a point at the waist. The square-cut corsage was outlined with a band of wide black satin ribbon, richly embroidered in gold, which also passed down the left side and round the waist, terminating in front with a large square bow, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt. This bow was fastened with a buckle of brilliants, and a similar but rather smaller buckle caught the ribbon and the lace at the left side of the corsage. The skirt of the brocade had its richness unadorned, save by the two long bow ends in front. Was not that a lovely dress? It was made for a handsome woman with a very beautiful figure, the elegance of which would be accentuated by the clever arrangement of the ribbon waistband with that smart square bow in the front—a daring but very successful introduction.

Just one word I must give to the coats and mantles, specially noting a superb pelisse of rich black plush, the skirt trimmed with a wide band

[Continued on page 618.]

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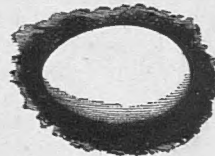
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DIAGRAM I. THE POSITION.

Place the Eight Pieces on the puzzle board, in this position, leaving two spaces blank at the right hand end,

Soap.

Soap.

Soap.

Soap.

Brooke's

Brooke's

Brooke's

Brooke's

DIAGRAM II. THE RESULT

Then in five moves, of two adjoining Pieces, get them into this position.

RULE.—Two adjoining Pieces must be moved TOGETHER (AND KEPT TOGETHER WHILST BEING MOVED) without being reversed or separated, and placed on two adjoining squares on the Puzzle Board.

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of jet appliqué, and the deep, full cape being similarly ornamented; for further trimming there was an edging of Mongolian goat fur, of which the huge collar was also formed. By way of contrast, there was a lovely little three-quarter cape, which brought a suggestion of spring with it. It was in dove-grey cloth, with an effective stamped design, the trimming consisting of jet passementerie and chinchilla, while for present wear there was a long coat of olive-green cloth, the pocket-tabs and the deep turned-down collar being ornamented with a beautiful appliqué of tan-coloured cloth, outlined with fine bronze cord and edged with sable. Every one of these garments is indicative of the very newest styles for the forthcoming season, and as such they are particularly valuable to those who like to be the pioneers of new modes and enjoy the distinction of appearing in them before they become universal. To any such enterprising folk I should certainly say, go to Madame Humble, and those of you who are thinking of flitting towards the sunny South need not fear being eclipsed by anyone if you appear in some of her productions.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Royal Choral
Society.

The unfailing attraction of "The Messiah" drew an enormous audience to the Albert Hall on Jan. 1. Handel's masterpiece, written when he says "I did think I could see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself," received the usual excellent treatment from the Royal Choral Society, under Sir Joseph Barnby's conductorship. The orchestra two or three times overpowered the soloists, notably Madame Belle Cole in "O thou that tellest," but atoned for these defects by an unusually fine rendering of the Pastoral Symphony. Concerning this exquisite music, I once heard an involuntary compliment from a working man, who, during the playing of the symphony, turned to his neighbour, and said with deep emotion, "Where am I?" Madame Albani's high notes rang with silvery clearness through the great hall, producing a thrilling effect with "Rejoice greatly." Madame Belle Cole was not in her best voice, probably affected by the cold weather. Mr. Philip Newbury sang the tenor music with ability and care, putting a great deal of fervour into "Thou shalt break them," and Mr. Plunket Greene was, as usual, impassioned, and a splendid example to all vocalists by his good enunciation. With regret I record that the chorus "For unto us" was encored and repeated, with the result that the second version was far inferior in attack. Why does not the Royal Choral Society state on the programmes that no encores will be granted? If this were done a senseless and inartistic practice could be checked. The finest sight of the evening was the vast audience rising at the first notes of the "Hallelujah Chorus," which was admirably sung by the choir in more correct time than the chorus preceding it.

I am glad to hear that a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music is being founded in memory of the late Mr. Thomas Wingham, the composer of much admirable music, and a teacher to whom many singers owe much. Mr. Wingham was for a long time one of the chief professors at the school, and his kindly nature endeared him to all who knew him. About £500 will be required, and the honorary treasurer is Mr. Charles P. Smith, of the Guildhall School of Music. To promote such an excellent object will accomplish the perpetuation of Mr. Wingham's distinguished reputation, and give additional impetus to the cause of music at an institution connected with him.

LUTE.

From Cassell and Company a packet of January numbers of the many admirable magazines which issue from that famous publishing house is to hand. That old favourite, *Little Folks*, has an extra attraction in the shape of a painting-book and an amusing game, presented with the ordinary varied contents of the number, which includes the beginning of Mrs. Molesworth's new story, "Sheila's Mystery."—Catering for the increasing public which has a taste for technical education, as well as for the mechanic who has something more than a mechanical interest in his handicraft, *Work* gives all kinds of information which should be useful. The reader may learn how to re-cane chairs, make a bicycle, an instantaneous shutter for photography, a writing-table, or a hay-wagon.—*Cassell's Family Magazine* maintains its capital features of instructive articles, with a modicum of fiction, some medical advice, hints on dress-making, and scientific notes, which have always been popular.—In the *Quiver* the Bishop of Ripon commences some articles on the Book of Ruth; two serial stories and an informing article on the "Chapels of the First Nonconformists" are among its other contents.—The *Magazine of Art* presents an engraved reproduction of Sir Frederic Leighton's "Head of a Girl" and a photogravure of Mr. Burne-Jones's "Chant d'Amour." Among the articles are Prince Karageorgevitch's account of Puviss de Chavannes, some notes on the illuminated books of the Middle Ages, Mr. Claude Philip's careful account of the Ruston collection, and a fully illustrated description of Italian chimney-pots.—*Chums* has serial stories and a large number of miscellaneous papers which ought to interest the world of boys. The interview has also taken possession of this interesting magazine, which gives chats with Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Harry Furniss, and Mr. Harry Payne.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 6, 1894.

The decline in the value of money has caused some business in investment stocks at slightly improved values, but not even the most sanguine believer in the approach of a new era in 1894 can say that in this, its first week, the markets have exhibited a satisfactory tone. Most unsatisfactory Home Railway traffics, coupled with complete disorganisation in the American market, and by no means cheerful accounts from Sicily, have acted as a general damper on the spirits of jobbers and brokers alike, and have contributed to make clients even more scarce than usual.

All sorts of circumstantial stories are going round as to the impending import duty upon silver in India, and it is certain that the late heavy imports of this metal into our Eastern Empire have been largely due to the fear of some such measure. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad" is an old saying, and if ever the wisdom of our fathers was exemplified it is in the application of this proverb to the high and mighty rulers of India, who, having once embarked upon a course of tinkering with the great economic laws, find that it is necessary to prop heresy with heresy, until at last the patient will probably revolt and refuse to swallow the quack medicines necessary to keep body and soul (in the shape of financial solvency) together. No Government in the world, dear Sir, ever interfered to stimulate trade, to create artificial values, to set itself, in fact, against the laws of Nature, without doing more harm than good to the persons it hoped to benefit, and the lesson which the United States are slowly learning, which Australia ought to have learnt but has not, and which the Government of India should have been too wise to require instruction about will, probably at ruinous expense, have to be taught. We regretted very much the first attempt to create a dishonest rupee, and we regret more the second downward step—if, indeed, it is seriously contemplated—of an import duty on silver, which will only add to the difficulties of the position.

The various Colonial loans have all shown good tone, as have both English and Colonial Corporation bonds. Among the highest class of the latter securities the investor will find many quite first-class opportunities of obtaining practical certainty of income coupled with a return of 4 or 4½ per cent. upon his outlay. Such bonds as those of the cities of Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland, or Quebec are, to our mind, on a par with New Zealand or New South Wales Government debentures, and will give a better return. Do not forget, dear Sir, that when a Government repudiates you cannot go to law with it, and cannot enforce your security, but when the municipality of a large town wishes to be dishonest it is possible to appeal to the courts of the country and obtain redress.

The full traffic returns of the leading English railways for the half-year are now complete, and, of course, the Sheffield Company leads the downward path with a decline of 25 per cent. upon its gross take, followed by the Midland with a falling off of £796,792, or over 16 per cent. The aggregate decrease amounts to the gigantic sum of almost two millions and a quarter, and with the solitary exception of the North-Eastern there is not a single increase in the whole list. We have no intention of forecasting the various dividends, but it is clear that in several cases considerable reductions must be expected in the coming distributions. The small holder has, so far, clung to his stock, but the returns of the next few weeks will have a considerable effect upon his frame of mind, and all those interested in the Home Railway market fully appreciate that we are fast arriving at that critical period when we shall be able to judge of how far the late disasters have been due to the Coal Strike and how far to general depression.

The market expected an increase in the District "take," due to the opening of "Constantinople" at Olympia, and was very disappointed with a loss of £764, so that it is no wonder the stock fell, and even the most sanguine supporters of this unfortunate company are apparently disheartened.

The Italian position remains unfavourable, and in Argentine securities the movements are all downward, although, in our opinion, the outlook is far more encouraging than it has been for months. We know, dear Sir, that this foreign market is by no means a favourite of yours, and, as it has presented few features of importance, we need say very little about it.

The Jarvis-Conklin debenture-holders are beginning to realise the truth of what we wrote you last week, and if the weight of your influence and ability is thrown into the scale we do not doubt the so-called scheme of reconstruction will be defeated. Are you an unfortunate holder of the debentures of the Equitable Mortgage Company of New York? If so, we advise you to communicate with Messrs. Nicholson, Graham, and Co., of 24, Coleman Street, E.C., who are organising united action on the part of the debenture-holders. One of the most scandalous things in connection with these American investment and mortgage companies is the fact that no list of the people who hold securities can be obtained, and it is only by means of the public Press that debenture-holders can be brought together.

A few of the Rand dividends are already public property, and if those which are to follow the City and Suburban, the Jubilee, and the Robinson are as satisfactory as the three we have named, perhaps the much-needed fillip will be given to this market.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

I regret to have to write rather strongly this week about what seems to me to be a very bad piece of work for the London Conservative party; but I cannot pretend for a moment to be satisfied with the result of the "compromise" effected between Mr. Balfour and the Government over the Parish Councils Bill. I know that the party must follow its leader, and I am not going to make any personal attack on Mr. Balfour or the front Opposition bench. Mr. Balfour's hands were forced. The Conservative party in the House as a party has no right to complain against him, although individual members and we outside the House may, for the fault of Mr. Balfour is the fault of those Conservatives who have not chosen to stay in the House and see that their principles were properly represented. With the miserable remnant of supporters ready to vote on the Opposition side behind him, Mr. Balfour came to terms with Mr. Gladstone on the basis of taking the Bill through before the 20th, and possibly made the best bargain he could; but one of the very first results has been, in my opinion, disastrous. The passing of Clause 29, practically without discussion, and only with a protest from Mr. Whitmore, a London member who knows what he is talking about, effects a London revolution which cannot fail to be of enormous importance hereafter. The clause slipped through while the London public hardly knew what was going on, but when the Bill eventually comes into operation (if it does, unamended) we shall hear bitter cries from the Conservatives in London at the manner in which they have been given away by their representatives. Clause 29 extends the provisions as to the election of Poor Law guardians by a wider and non-property suffrage, from the rural parishes to the urban, including London. The Radicals have already hailed the change as putting London government into the hands of the trade unions and Radical clubs, and I believe that they are perfectly right. The Tories did badly enough with the County Council, and we know how bitter they are still against Mr. Ritchie over the way he sold them to the Radicals then. It was a bad blunder, indeed, not to have extended London government from the City as centre, so making the Lord Mayor the chief personage of all London, and to have erected instead a rival body, which was sure to be, and was, captured by the Progressives. But the blow given to London Conservatism then will be equalled by this. We are putting the administration of the Poor Law absolutely into the hands of those who will want relief, and the guardians will have to go to these very men for votes, regardless of the ratepayers or of all the Poor Law mischief before 1834.

THE RUIN OF LONDON.

This is the most serious thing for London which has occurred in this Parliament, and it has been scuffled through the House of Commons without any consideration at all, just because of the compromise. Well, that is, in my opinion, going a good deal too far. As long as the Church and parish charities were in danger there was a splendid resistance in the House on the part of the country members. Why, then, this extraordinary collapse when London is attacked? I am sorry to say that the country members like Sir John Dorington and Sir Richard Paget seem to care about their country estates, where they were or are still the squires, a good deal more than the London and urban members do about the population of the town or city where they may have a house or place of business. No blame to the squires, but it will be the ruin of London Conservatism if such things be. At last year's General Election—the first after the institution of the Progressive London County Council—the Conservative party lost ten seats or so in London, owing, I am sure, to the better organisation achieved and the better impression for work made on Londoners by the Progressives. The consequence of this new revolution in Clause 29 will be the same. Those agitating politicians who will appeal to the dregs of the voters, consisting of those non-ratepayers who will require relief, will be the new London Progressives in 1895. They will likewise be Radicals, and their opponents Conservatives, and the Conservatives will be beaten. I hope that may be a false prophecy; but it is a legitimate one, granting that this clause comes into operation. The "propertied classes" of London will be swamped, and there will be a bitter cry against the apathy of January 1893.

FINISHING UP.

Of course, the progress of the Bill itself has become quite dull in consequence of the compromise. It actually got formally through Committee on Thursday night, inconvenient new clauses being postponed. There must be some discussion yet upon these, but practically the interest is transferred now from the Commons to the Lords. Never was the need of a Chamber of Revision so obvious. I will not anticipate what the House of Lords may do; at the same time, I am very glad that the Horncastle election comes off to-morrow, and not at the end of the month. With Sir Julian Goldsmid in the chair, the House, by consent of Radicals and Tories alike, has at last been efficiently kept in order during a Committee stage. Mr. Mellor's utter failure had not been made so evident as by the success of his deputy. I have only one grumble to make about Sir Julian Goldsmid, and that is that his being in the chair has taken him away from the debates. He is one of the London members whose voice I should like to have heard more often. But this one drawback apart, the presence of Sir Julian Goldsmid in the chair has been as welcome as flowers in May to both sides of the House. It was a treat to see him squash Mr. Morton time after time.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Peace has descended on the warring waters of Parliamentary life like the dove with the olive-branch in its mouth. The story of the compromise on the Local Government Bill is now a familiar one, but it is, perhaps, the most important Parliamentary incident since the drawing up of the treaty on the County Franchise. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were the chief parties on that occasion, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour, and, more immediately, Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, have been the parties to this. The result has been an unquestionable success, and though there have been malcontents on both sides, and though both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour have had to exercise a certain measure of despotic authority over the left wing of their supporters, the bargain has been firmly held to, and for the present, at least, has made the Local Government Bill absolutely safe. There has been a great deal of talk of an incipient, though very small, Tory revolt, which was finally crushed out by Mr. Balfour in an interview with the malcontents. Certain it is that the Tory leader has shown a finesse and a capacity which has assured his position as the coming Tory Premier. It has been suggested that he has not found Lord Salisbury a very willing party to the compromise. However that may be, no one for a moment questions that the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons is absolutely master of the situation. If the Lords revolt, and practically violate the agreement arrived at between the two parties, Mr. Balfour can fully assert his authority when the Bill comes back to the Commons, and can, of course, take the whole Tory party with him. There can be no question that his authority with his friends is infinitely greater than that of any Conservative leader for many years. "In my opinion," said a well-known Radical member, who was in the House when Disraeli was in his glory, to me, "Mr. Balfour is a better leader than Disraeli ever was." Certain it is that the extraordinary advance in his powers as a dialectician, his extreme suavity and charm of manner, and his real mastery of his work have had a wonderful effect on his position and prospects as a statesman.

MR. BALFOUR AND LORD RANDOLPH.

These reflections passed through my mind as I saw Lord Randolph walk into the House after his long holiday, and pass amid smiles and many hand-shakes from both sides to his seat by Mr. Balfour. Time was when this man was observed of all observers, a master of debate, a statesman of real genius, a leader of the House of remarkable power, and with a command of appropriate phrase. Now he has sunk never to rise again. His old faculty of hard work and of rapidly getting up facts and turning out the results of a few hours' concentrated labour in wonderfully fresh, vivid speeches seems to have deserted him. There was a little speculation when he returned as to the line he was likely to take over the compromise. Would he lead the irreconcilables to a new guerrilla warfare? Would he forget the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and remember the old Fourth party days? I do not think he will. He has always behaved with the greatest loyalty to Mr. Balfour, with whom, in spite of the changed relations and prospects of the two men, he has always maintained a close friendship.

WHAT WILL THE LORDS DO?

Meanwhile, the precise attitude of the Lords is still indeterminate. What does the compromise bind them to? Practically, I think it binds them to accept the Bill mainly as it stands. It touches nearly every vital part of the Bill—charities, allotments, guardians, and the democratisation of London government. In other words, the two parties have agreed to treat the Bill under certain conditions as non-contentious. If the Lords break up this compact, and hack the measure to pieces on the vital points of the land, the charities, and the Boards of Guardians, the most serious point of honour must arise between Mr. Balfour on the one hand and Lord Salisbury on the other. I do not think this will occur. The Lords do not like the Bill, and they can hardly avoid showing their hand here and there; but I think they will confine themselves after all to a modest protest. The great struggle which will determine the fate of this Government will come, not over the Parish Councils Bill, but over the Budget or the Navy.

THE STRONG MAN AT LAST.

The House of Commons can at last congratulate itself on having a strong man in the chair. Mr. Peel's absence at Brighton has made it necessary for Mr. Mellor to act as Deputy-Speaker, and, in his turn, to rely on the services of one of the substitutes which the rules of the House allow the Chairman of Committees. It has fallen to Sir Julian Goldsmid, a rich Unionist, belonging to one of the great Jewish families, a man who has never made any mark in debates, but who is known to possess character and individuality. The choice has been more than justified: Sir Julian has proved to be the man for the hour. He has simply made the lives of the bore and the obstructive a burden to them. His rulings are delivered with a certain *brusquerie* of manner and an absolute refusal to give reasons or to discuss his decisions that have in a few days brought the House back again to the sense of logical and orderly debate which it had practically lost. Sir John Gorst, Sir Albert Rollit, to say nothing of Messrs. Bowles, Bartley, and Morton, have all been crushed and called to order with a certain cold resolution which has tickled the House immensely after the experience of Mr. Mellor, most irresolute, though clear-minded, of men.